

Incident and Story

From Far and Near

Series III



The Women's Missionary Society
of the
Presbyterian Church in Canada

Incident and Story

From Far and Near

Series III



The Women's Missionary Society
of the
Presbyterian Church in Canada

FOREWORD

With the peace bells ringing the wide world over "Incident and Story," series III, goes to press. No time could have been more appropriate for its publication, for its pages ring, as never before, with stories of war against ignorance, superstition and sin and of the victory that has come when the principles of Christianity and the teachings of the Prince of Peace have been accepted. Let us read it thoughtfully, and may its appeal arouse in us greater interest in the work and quicken in the souls of some a readiness to answer the Call when it comes. If it does this it will abundantly serve His purpose.

MAMIE C. G. FRASER,
Editorial Secretary.

Toronto, September, 1919.

Our Work at Home and Abroad

Schools and School Homes in Quebec Province



Tourville children supplying the furnace with wood.

THE new furnace which was put in the School Home at Tourville, last summer, has made the building comfortable this winter. The boys draw the wood for the furnace to the house on a toboggan. The school was kept open during the Christmas holidays to make up for time lost during the "flu" epidemic. The school session is continuing longer than usual for

the same reason, so anxious are the parents that the children should receive an education. They appreciate what the W.M.S. is doing for them but feel that they too should do something for the school. The girls have, under the guidance of Mrs. Chodat, been sewing for a bazaar to be held at the closing in May, when they hope to make enough to put a new sink in the kitchen.

At Namur, the people are finding it hard to pay their share of the expense of board for the children. Mr. LeBel, the missionary, writes concerning a poor man—a Protestant, but whose wife died still a Catholic. The older children were taken by the Catholic relations. This is what he says: "Two children, a boy nine years and a girl of seven, were brought to us by their father, Mr. Aubin. He was a widower and out of his family of ten these two youngest were left to cheer his home. 'I cannot bear the loneliness of my dwelling without them,' he said, 'but for the sake of their welfare I bring them to you while I go to the bush to earn.' The problem was to provide clothes for them—how Prospère and Bernadette stood the cold in their seminakedness is a mystery—no wonder the little girl appeared sickly! They were well at the W.M.S. home, seemingly forgetting the hardships of past days, but the father came back two months later to take them away. He had placed his stable in what proved to be irresponsible hands; the supply of fodder, enough for the winter, had gone with amazing swiftness. The animals would have to starve—so to provide for them, the children's schooling had to be sacrificed. This is only one of many cases of distress in that neighborhood." The W.M.S. have undertaken to get clothes and provide for the education of the two children.



Pupils supported by W.M.S. at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

One of the boys at the Pointe-aux-Trembles school took this picture of some of the scholars supported there by the W.M.S. Syrians, Italians, French and English all living peacefully together and all learning to speak, read and write both French and English. At the schools there are some 274 children, and of these quite half are Catholics, all have instruction in the Bible and all are taught that there is

only one Mediator between God and man—Christ Jesus.

The school at Hull is an up-to-date, modern building, as will be seen by the picture in the April "Messenger." Mrs. Marion has not as many pupils as formerly, as all English-speaking children were compelled to attend the public schools. Miss Cruchet has been holding evening classes for Roman Catholics, gathered by her as she visits amongst the poor Roman Catholic families.

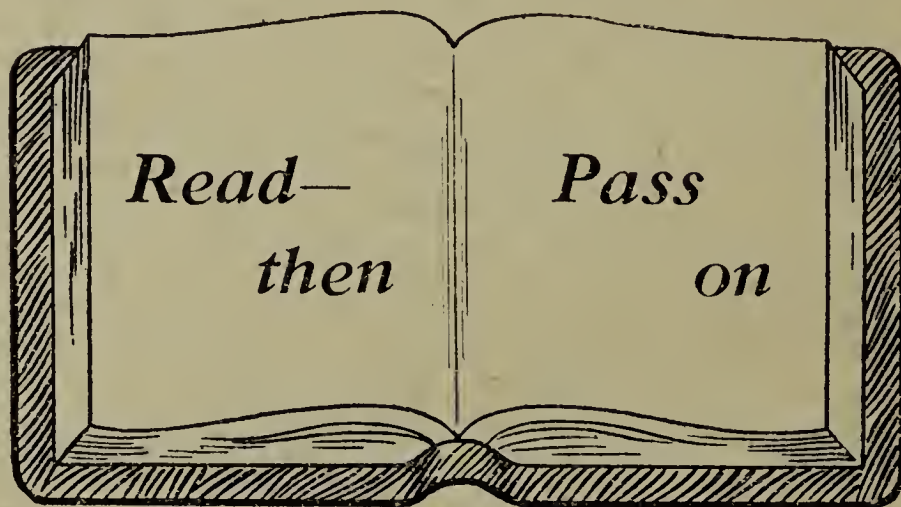
The buildings at St. Philippe de Chester were sold by the church and our property was shipped to Quebec City, where we hope to establish a Home for children of Protestants scattered throughout that part of the province so that they may attend the public and high schools in Quebec.

Our Library Department

A PASTOR in Manitoba writes, "The papers for the young people were very much appreciated, and I twice supplied a school nine miles away, where we cannot hold Sabbath School, and gave others to children farther out. During the time that some of the homes were quarantined for the 'flu,'

I gave the young people's papers to the children. Some of them came over to the yard after the ban was lifted to thank me for them and say how much they enjoyed them." An indefatigable woman worker in Manitoba, "I must let you know how surprised we were to get such a nice lot of lovely books. Really, we are well pleased, and they are so nice and new and all in such good condition. The children are so pleased, for books are a luxury out here."

From far off B.C., "Two sisters had kept alive the religious life in a lonely district, and with many struggles they had kept up a Sabbath



School in the little church that had been built with difficulty after years of waiting. There were no books, no Sabbath School library, poor soil on the small farm on which they lived, hard work, with little to brighten the lonely way, but they kept on and their joy when a Sabbath School library did reach them can hardly be expressed." Again, from the same province, "We received the papers and were very glad to get them. If you have ever lived in a new country, you will understand the disadvantages, but we love our beautiful Votsa Valley, and we hope to have a missionary doctor soon. He will be a great help, both to our physical and spiritual welfare." A B.C. missionary, on leaving his field, says how much the literature had helped (British Weekly regularly and some others) and also the knowledge that someone was interested enough to send it, not to mention the direct help from the reading, he having passed them round after being read by himself. A contribution of \$2.00 was sent in to one of our Auxiliaries for work in China as an expression of gratitude for papers sent and interest aroused in the work. Another Missionary thanks a Secretary thus, "I received a box of books for our Sabbath School Library, yesterday. The selection is good and I am highly pleased with the books. Our Sabbath School scholars will have something to satisfy their thirst for reading for some time to come."

An Alberta minister writes, "I visited a ranch in the foothills lately and found about twenty-five cowboys and sheep herders without helpful literature. In my bundle of Sabbath School papers and tracts there were four New Testaments, which were eagerly appropriated. You may imagine how welcome the missionary will be when his advent is heralded by a bundle of books. I expect to get into a camp of ninety-eight men soon, in the foothills fifty-two miles from town. I can use tracts and old Sabbath School papers to advantage and am pleased to pass on the opportunity to minister to the wants of these men."

A western family had absolutely nothing to read. What books they had were in shreds from being read and re-read. By the kindness of a few young women in the east their wants are being supplied.

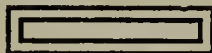
Our last incident is so decidedly original that lest it be overlooked we give it a special heading.

How I Turned My Car Into a Travelling Library

There has been a splendid response to your appeal on my behalf for literature, and I have distributed about four hundred pounds of papers, etc.

I received sufficient books to start a travelling library and have about 60 volumes in circulation. I have fitted up the back of my car, i.e., removed the back seat and installed book shelves, etc. I carry an optical lantern for visual instruction and this with my books makes my visits "as welcome as the flowers in May."

A few volumes of standard literature for adults will complete my equipment. Could you interest a few friends of the church and solicit a few more good books, second-hand ones will do, and will be gratefully appreciated by the people of the Foothills Mission.



Persecuted in Many Lands—Tolerated in Others—Welcome in None: The Jews



A happy group.

IT has been said that "to-day is the day of the small nations," and as we have followed the progress of the Peace Conference we have realized that the smaller nations have received more consideration than ever before in the history of the world.

But what of that ancient Hebrew nation, whose people form a component part of almost every nation under the sun. A race without a national home. Yet, in the history of every nation men of the Jew-

ish faith have played a prominent part. To-day, many of them are cherishing great national and political aspirations and turning their eyes longingly towards Palestine, towards Jerusalem, the city that is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

But these national aspirations are not shared by all Jews. Many of them, having ceased to look for the Messiah, and having made their homes for generations in the lands of their adoption, and acquired wealth and social position, prefer to remain there.

In every country they are loyal citizens. During the war, which has just closed, Jews from Germany and Austria have fought on Flanders' fields against Jews from Britain, France and Italy.

They, too, have made many sacrifices and suffered much, but is there a welcome waiting in any country for the Jew? Persecuted in many lands, tolerated only in others, welcomed in none, can we wonder if he looks askance at Christianity and is difficult to approach with the Gospel?

From the reports of our workers we get many interesting side-lights upon the work amongst these people. One says, "Truly words are inadequate to thank our Heavenly Father for his loving care over us, as we went in and out among the sick and afflicted and dying during the epidemic of influenza. While ministering to their needs in their homes, we sometimes got into trouble, in not discerning the "Kosher" or holy dishes from those in common use. The former must be kept separate and must not be cleansed with soap."

"The people were so grateful for the assistance given them in their time of need. Frequently they would say, 'You are the first to come to us, why do you do it?' Then our missionary would tell the story of Him, Who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me,' while they listened attentively.

"When visiting the hospital, one day, a Jewish lady of culture and refinement grasped my hand saying, 'May God bless you and may you be long spared to go in and out among the people.' This was a surprise, as more often I am reproved.

"The dispensary work is one of the chief means of giving us an open door into many hearts and homes."

Speaking of the work among the children, another worker says, "The boys come trooping in, full of unbelief and rough spirits, but in a short time, under Christian influence, a vast difference is noticeable in them.

"The great eagerness to learn and the remarkable acquaintance with Old and New Testament scriptures on the part of these dear Jewish children

is particularly hopeful and encouraging. Notwithstanding the non-Christian surroundings at home, they show wonderful progress in their spiritual life. A number have openly declared their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and although it results in persecution they continue coming.

"One woman, upon whom I called several times, was willing to believe everything from the Word, but the fact that Christ had no earthly father. They listened to the reading of the prophecies and their fulfilment in the New Testament, and I had an opportunity to go over the same when the young folks were at home, praying earnestly that some of the seed would fall into good ground.

"We have also met those who will not open the door, nor listen, nor even receive tracts, and those who openly oppose our work."

Another worker speaks of a "young man, who came to the mission for lessons in English, who, while he does not recognize Jesus as the Messiah, yet admires him as a humanitarian and social reformer." This is the attitude of many of the Jews in Canada to-day, who call themselves Reformed, the other class being known as Orthodox.

In talking to one woman, she said, "You Gentiles believe in Christ, but we believe in God alone." "No," I said, "you don't believe in God, for He has sent His Son, and you won't believe in Him, nor accept Him. We believe all God says." Yet this same woman acknowledged that there was little in the Jewish religion for woman, overlaid, as it is, with cumbersome, ceremonial traditions."

There are about 160,000 Jews in Canada and our Presbyterian Church has only three centres where work is being carried on—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg—nothing in that vast district between Winnipeg and the Pacific.

How Our Deaconesses did their "Bit"



Deaconesses appointed to our H. M. Fields, 1918.

SO often as a part of world's history unusual conditions bring unusual opportunities, and in no other field can this be said with more emphasis than in our own. With great reliance on an eternal truth, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," the call to service on the dawn of peace is greater and grander than we thought possible before the beginning of the last four horrible years. Our Saviour's mission on earth was to establish

the Kingdom of God. Following this thought and in imitation of Christ, Who went about doing good, our deaconesses have been going up and down throughout the length and breadth of our loved Canada establishing the Kingdom of God in the home, in the Sabbath School, in the Church and in the hearts of the people. Not only have they done this with great acceptance but a new field of work has been theirs, in that as in other walks of life where women took the men's place they have actually occupied the position and filled it nobly—I refer to our deaconesses as full-fledged home missionaries. Woman is here seen in all her nobleness of character and beauty of soul. Her influence in the home over the mothers and children, and the nearness with which she comes to the hearts of these, bespeak for her a newer and grander field of labor in its completeness as a missionary for she has proved her worth and acceptableness beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Along these lines sorrow and sadness fill their part. Sickness of the mother in the home, removal to the mission hospital, the kindly care and blessed influence of the Christian nurse, the visitation of the deaconess to the hospital, the getting acquainted, the joy of visiting again and again during convalescence, thus paving the way for an invitation to the home and the opening of the door for "follow-up" work bound to become a great factor in its Christianizing influence.

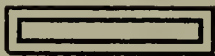
We picture her in her daily round of duties as coming to the aid of the destitute, caring for poor, unfortunate girls, opening her home as a refuge for children and an inspiration for friendless ones. Performing homely household tasks, meeting conditions such as "flu" caused, and "through the long nightmare of suffering sticking to her post until she has won out."

Her field of usefulness is boundless and her opportunities for service are as the sands of the sea.

Is our Deaconess Missionary welcomed? Hear the report of one who knows, "A warm welcome, openly expressed, met me. I am settled comfortably and there is every prospect of doors gladly open for public worship. There is no resentment nor yet disappointment over the fact that the missionary is a woman. Instead, there has been a deep, abiding sense of the Lord's presence—it must have been part of the good Lord's plan to send women out into His ministry in the mission fields. The war has well tilled the ground for the Master's harvest, but hands for sowing must be at work."

What more can we do? Send these messengers into the lonely places by the score, that they may, with their love and sympathy, win as did the Master, Whose they are and Whom they serve.

"Love never faileth."



Our Chinese Citizens



Six of Miss Cronkhite's M.B. girls,
Victoria.

TORONTO.—Mrs. J. A. MacMillan.—In the Chinese homes in Toronto we find the tiny maiden of a few days; numbers of little lassies just entering the kindergarten period; others of seven, eight, or ten years of age; and still others who have arrived almost at the brink of womanhood; we could pass beyond these to the bride in our midst; the mothers; and even *one* grandmother—although the little grandson has been gathered to the arms of the Good Shepherd. We could speak of the widows; the fatherless girls; yes, and the motherless ones! Then, too, we might speak of the almost girl widow, who, in a little over a year, stood first beside a tiny white coffin, and later beside that of her husband.

But for this time we turn to those who are on womanhood's brink and mention one or two. As one looks at the tiny head of the babe of a few hours as it nestles beside the mother, one wonders what plan the Giver of life has for that wee one. And when we come to these older girls it is with a heart-yearning cry that His plan for them may not be thwarted. Will our prayers—yours and mine—be of such a character as to overthrow the plan and devices of the enemy of souls, and make possible all God has chosen for these lives which are so rapidly merging from girlhood into womanhood?

Our thoughts go to one who has entered high school. Shall she enter and finish this course without a heart knowledge of the words, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" A bright, bonny, intellectual girl—"If ye ask I will do."

Another—equally winsome—is being kept at home to give needed help. Her father once said he would like her to be a preacher of the Gospel like one missionary he knew, and a doctor to help her own people like Doctor MacBean, of South China.

The Word says that, "With God all things are possible." Has God not a plan? Will John 14: 14 unfold it?

There are others about the same age. We place the burden of these souls and their life-plan upon the hearts of the women of our Church. As you pray for *your* daughters, will you not *also* seek His face for these?

A Peep Into One of Our Chinese Homes

You enter a living-room—once a shop—all is bright and clean. A sewing machine, which is used to put out many Chinese garments a month occupies space at one side; a table at the window has Chinese books, copy books, ink slab and pens. Each evening two lads can be seen bending over these as they are being taught by their father or his friend.

These boys go to our school through the day and have recently begun to satisfy their thirst for knowledge by getting books from our Public Libraries.

We look through another door—a bed-room; clean and sweet, with its single iron bed, a little table by the side and on it a tiny Chinese Testament telling that verses are memorized before going to sleep (these verses will be repeated the next Sunday at class—by mother, not the boys); although they, too, go to Sunday School.

Later you might be shown a rather large, old-fashioned kitchen, in which there is a nice big range and on the walls you would see a number of gem tins, and wonder. But when the contents of a big box are revealed—and some given you—you understand. Here are some dozens of deliciously light sponge cakes—which only the Chinese can make. These are sold at the husband's shop on another street.

With a daily programme of meals for four, and other housework; sewing for a goodly number of the male population of Chinatown and all her own clothes; sponge cakes for her husband's shop; a love for reading and study, you can imagine the life of one Chinese citizen of Toronto.

Vancouver.—*Mrs. W. R. McKay.*—The event of the year in the Vancouver Mission was the arrival of the Chinese pastor, Rev. Kai Hong Yeung, with his wife and family. Mr. Yeung is a man of ability and well fitted for his position. Mrs. Yeung is also well qualified for work among the women. We hope that great blessing may follow from their preaching and teaching and from the influence of their Christian home.

They have three little girls, who have taken English names—Lily, Daisy and Pansy—also a baby boy. The first few months in a strange country were not easy for them. They missed their old playmates, the neighbors' children were rude to them, they found chicken and eggs too dear to buy, and as little Pansy, only three years old, said in Chinese, "It is so inconvenient here." However, they see many things to admire, and are on the whole quite happy.

It is a matter for thankfulness that this, the first family in our mission church in Vancouver, is such a good example of obedience and helpfulness at home.

Unfortunately, the example of the white people, in the Chinese locality, is not always the best. Two Chinese women, the other day, were talking to me about their children and lamenting their faults as compared with white children. "Why," said one of the women, "a white woman would say to her child, 'Shut up,' and it would be quiet for ever so long."

Some time ago, I found out about a woman who was going to her husband in Montreal and was unfortunately detained three weeks in the immigration building. I received permission to visit her and my visits were greatly appreciated, for the woman, although quite comfortable, was naturally very lonely. Her first impressions of our country, alone, and a prisoner, were certainly not pleasant.

Sometimes in the visiting one gets discouraged and wonders if it is really doing any good. I was feeling almost that way one day, when I went to a house where I was teaching a woman to knit. I had talked to her about the Gospel, but she never seemed interested. But, this day, while we were working, she suddenly put down the knitting and said, "Tell me about Christmas. What does it mean? Where is Jesus? Tell me all about Him?" How thankful I was that day for the opportunity thus given to me!

Another day, when I was showing a woman how to knit, I heard some one say, "What a lot of bother she takes." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "those Christians are like that. They always want to help people."

The little girls in our mission have been meeting more with girls from other churches, and we think it is good for them. First, we invited the girls from some of the Mission Bands to meet with us at the Mission. We had a short programme, then played games together, and afterwards had a cup of tea. One part of the programme that delighted the visitors was the recitation by one little girl of all the Golden Texts for a year. Since then we have had several invitations from the Mission Band and all have enjoyed the good times together. Our Chinese girls, also, took a part in the programme at the Mission Band Rally, held during the Easter vacation.

Victoria.—*Miss Cronkhite.*—In taking a retrospective glance over last year's work, two facts seem to stand out prominently, telling us the Master is working in this corner of His vineyard.

Last year all children, apart from those coming from Christian homes, had to be sought, now the parents are bringing their little ones to us.

The second fact shows us, that seemingly trivial occurrences are linking up into a chain, the end of which we cannot see.

Last summer I was a guest at a church wedding and afterwards at the reception. At the reception the men were in one room, the ladies in another. The groom entered the room where the ladies were seated, followed by his friends. Each man dropped a coin into a china bowl, this was the groom's gift. The men all retired and the bride entered, accompanied by her maid, who carried a small tray on which were tiny cups of tea. In each cup were two small brown figs, but the tea was clear. The bride bowed low to each guest, who returned the salutation, then the guest took a cup of tea. When all had been served, the bride retired to her room. In a few minutes the ladies, a few at a time, were invited to enter. Again we were seated and fruit and candy passed to us. We then took leave of the bride and were driven home in motors.

At the reception I met a lady who, some months later, sent a request that I should find a teacher in English for her. As I was unable to do so, I volunteered to help her as much as I could. Arrangements were made that I should teach her at her home. The day of the third lesson, my pupil was called to the telephone. I turned to look at some pictures and saw a large Buddha on the piano. That day I told her the motto of the W.M.S., "The world for Christ." Some time later my pupil said to me, "Someone has been speaking in one of the churches and he said, 'Jesus is coming again.'" We had a long talk then on higher subjects than English. When we finished she asked if her little children could come to kindergarten. Two are coming and also two little cousins, and an older girl has started music on Saturdays.

Early last year a request came to me to come and make a mustard plaster, which a doctor had ordered, to be applied for a case of pleurisy. After applying the plaster and dressing the reddened area, I waited till the young man was sent to the hospital.

When the "flu" was raging here, this young man phoned to see if I would visit a very sick baby. The oldest girl in the house had died that morning. I cared for the baby nine nights, the tenth he died. The mother applied bright red medicine to the body and feet of the little one and also gave him Chinese medicine, but our efforts were of no avail, the baby went away. It was pitiful to hear the mother mourning her only boy. I have two little girls from that home in kindergarten now, and three come to Sunday School.

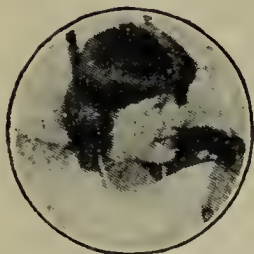
We have a fully organized Mission Band, "The Willing Helpers," and have an attendance, once a fortnight, of thirteen to eighteen. We are making a quilt for some needy mission. We take an offering once in three months, and if some forget their pennies, they bring them to me after, to put in the mite box.

Our treasurer, a girl of twelve, is an enthusiast on giving. She won a prize of three cents at Chinese school, for perfect dictation, and straightway brought them to me for the mite box. Now she has charge of the box and joyfully told me a lady had given her thirteen cents for the box, and different friends had contributed small sums.



Guarding and Guiding the Children

Our School Homes in the West



Mary.

LIKE everything else the work in our School Homes was sadly interrupted and interfered with by the "flu" epidemic. In Vegreville, the schools were closed, most of our children had to be sent home and our Girls' Home and the "Fortune" Boys' Home were used as emergency hospitals. One of our boys and one on whom his matron depends much, had a hard time, all his people were ill with "flu" and there was no one but him to look after them and do all the work inside and out. One little sister died after terrible suffering. At Ethelbert, Dr. Gilbert reports that in no other year since we started work was so much time lost by the children from their school work—for weeks all the schools were closed. Five of our girls volunteered to work in the hospital, four of them contracted the disease, but as soon as they were better they began work again. In Teulon also the school was closed during November and December. What all this has meant to our matrons we will never know; especially at Vegreville, where they had to nurse day and night. The epidemic has certainly demonstrated to those for whom they are laboring, the unselfish devotion of our workers.

In spite of these apparent discouragements, however, there has perhaps never been a year when there have been such evidences of appreciation of these homes by the children themselves, nor when so many stories have come to the Board of how the lessons taught there by our matrons are bearing fruit. In one of our homes, a few years ago, the matron was reading to the boys the life of "Mackay, of Formosa." She asked them, "Boys, why am I reading this to you?" The answer came, "That it might inspire us to be men like him." A year or so passed and the war came; these boys went to enlist and fearing lest their nationality might be against them, they enlisted as Irishmen. They went to the front, and writing home to their matron, they told her that if God spared them to return they would like to be missionaries, for they felt that if all had been obedient to the last command of Christ, this war would never have occurred.

A little Greek Catholic girl, who was attending one of our school homes, united with the church. On going home for her holidays great pressure was brought to bear on her to go back to the old faith, but, thanks to being well drilled in the Truth for some years by our matron, the girl stood bravely by her convictions.

In our home the children take turns in leading in prayer, morning and evening, and a visitor there speaks of the wonderful simplicity and directness of these prayers. One little lassie was thanking God for bringing her to this home, and prayed that all the other little children around, who were not in such happy homes, might soon have them. Miss Mitchell was visiting a home and was speaking to the children in the evening and used the words "guard" and guide." When the children went up to bed one little girl, who had only been a very short time in residence, asked the matron, "What did Miss Mitchell mean by guard and guide?" The matron told her. Next morning it was the turn of this little girl to lead in prayer and to the astonishment of the matron she prayed "that God would guard them on their way to school and guide them in their work."

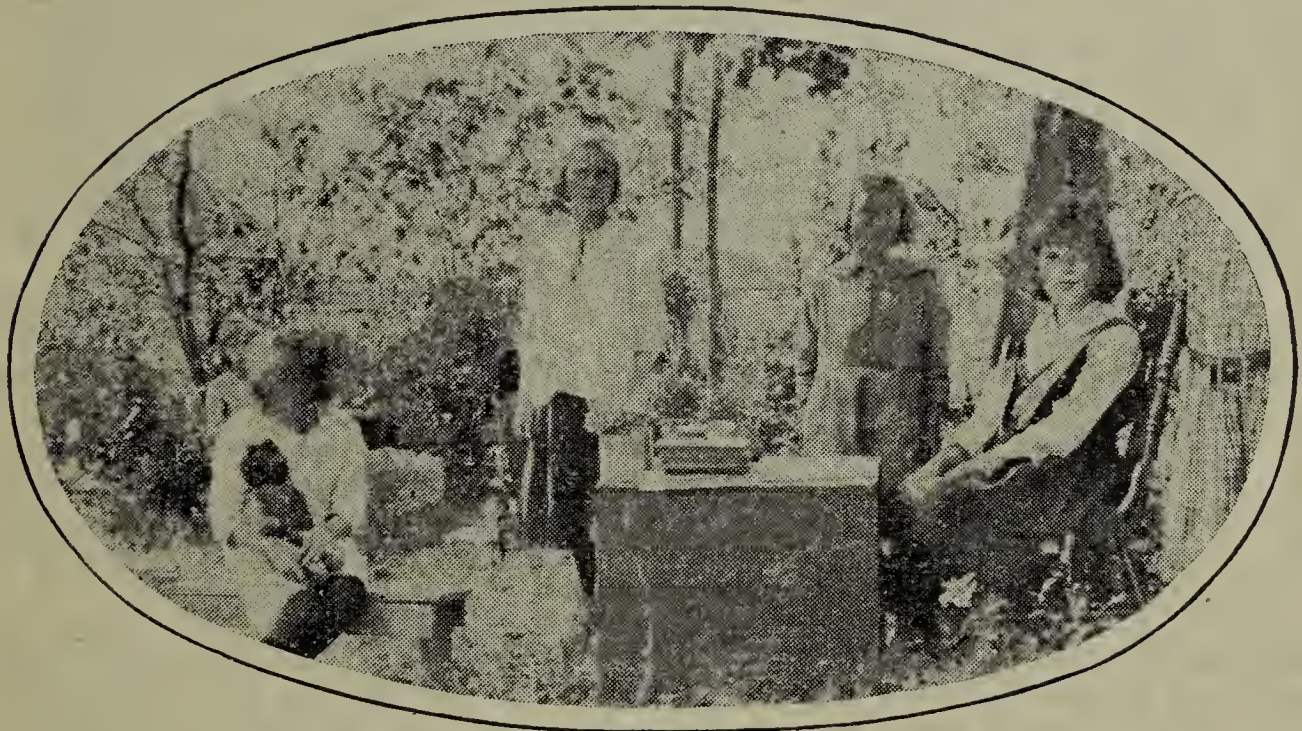
Some of the girls in Miss Johnson's home, who had been born in the old land, were contrasting conditions there and here. There they said they were ruled by fear, but here they were ruled by love. There they did not have the Bible to read for themselves, but here they had, and they could read for themselves of the wonderful love of Christ. They also contrasted their own homes and the School Home. Their mothers did not try to make a home, but when they had homes of their own they were going to try and be real home makers. One of our matrons says, "We feel that the Homes are ideal places for these children, for they need so much to be taught to be home

makers. When we see how little comfort or order there is in their own homes we feel they have a long way to go before they can be called desirable citizens."

The Mission Band at Sifton is always of interest, and this year we are glad to report that two of the girls are now Junior Life Members, one given by a friend and the other was by themselves with money they earned at the school fair. They have memorized a number of Psalms and chapters in the New Testament and are remarkably fond of Bible stories. At Ethelbert four of the children united with the Church last year. Every Friday evening Mr. Tymchuk conducts a Ruthenian prayer meeting in the Home.

At Teulon, our boys have begun a night school for the Ruthenian men, and are teaching them reading, writing, arithmetic and English and Canadian history.

In a village where we have Homes, the people remark on the way the boys pick up after being under our care for a while. When they come they are such a bad color, but good, plain, nourishing food and plenty of ventilation soon tell on them. Speaking of ventilation, the matron says she used to have considerable trouble in making the boys keep their windows open at night in the cold weather, now she just puts one or two "old boys" in each dormitory who will see that the windows are kept open. If any of the new boys close them, these "old boys" give them their lesson and, the matron adds, "One is usually enough." In this same home there was always need for watchfulness lest the boys forget to use their tooth brushes. Now they watch each other and if a boy neglects this duty, the others attend to it for him.



Children at Sifton.

A small girl in one of the Girls' Homes was very fond of dolls. One Saturday she had them out and was playing with them when the matron noticed one missing and enquired about it. One of the other children said, "Oh, ——— put it in the fire because it was made in Germany," and the little owner added, "Mind you, I liked it, too." They had read in a paper that children should not be allowed to play with dolls labelled, "Made in Germany."

All our matrons keep before those children, who are earning a little money, their duty to the Church. One boy had left the Home and was working on a farm. His matron wrote to him about the budget of our Church, what it was, and his duty to it. The boy replied that he knew he should help others to have the chance he had had and that he would send her 1/10 of what he earned. In another Home, last fall, the boys and girls had a

Thanksgiving service, presided over by the Superintendent. An interesting part of the service was the ready manner in which each child rose and repeated without error a favorite text. During the service a collection was taken up for missions, amounting to \$5.

The "David Livingstone" Mission Band in Vegreville, continues to flourish. A pretty picture has been given us by Miss Mitchell, our Field Secretary. It was in Miss Windel's Home, in Vegreville. Two of the smallest boys knocked at her sitting-room door and Miss Windel said, "Come in." Two little gowned forms appeared and said, "We are ready for bed, Miss 'Vindel.'" Miss Windel said, "Come on, dears, and one knelt at each side of her knee and repeated the following prayer:

"Keep my little voice to-day,
Keep it gentle while I pray,
Keep my hands from doing wrong,
Keep my feet the whole day long,
Keep me all, oh, Jesus mild,
Keep me ever, Thy dear child."

And another scene from Miss Stewart's Home for boys. It was evening. One boy was playing a violin, an older boy cutting hair, 10 cents a cut; another holding wool for Miss Stewart to wind; two little lads on stools memorizing the 23rd Psalm, with the hope of getting 5 cents when it was done; two were knitting, others studying and, as there is no proper wash room, others were in the kitchen engaged in feet washing. Each was deep in his own work, quite unconscious of what the others were doing, while watching over all, was Miss Stewart, the happy house-mother, who loves her boys as much as any mother. Contrast these stories with conditions in their own homes and ask yourselves the question, "Are these school homes worth while?"

In September, 1918, the new Home for Girls in Teulon opened its doors with Mrs. Freeland (a sister of Miss Bell) as matron. Of the first three girls who arrived, one was Icelandic, one Ruthenian and one Canadian, thus putting into practice the W.M.S. policy, that these Homes are for any child of any nationality who likes to take advantage of them.

The formal opening of the Home had to be postponed on account of "flu," but was held in February, when between 175 to 200 were present. Mrs. Freeland writes, "I was very proud of my girls—the little ones sang a chorus, 'If I come to Jesus,' and the larger girls sang, 'Saviour like a Shepherd lead us.' Both groups did well for the short time we had to prepare the hymns and the difficulty some had to get the English. One pleasing feature of the evening was the number of Ruthenian women who came, and they seemed so happy and interested in everything; their bright head shawls lent color to the occasion. They also contributed to the grocery list."

One of the sweetest stories of our work in the Teulon Girls' Home is that told in the December "Messenger" of the arrival of Mary, the little neglected child of eight years, who had had to play mother to two brothers and a sister and a baby one and a half years old, and who, after being bathed and dressed and made to look more like a Madonna, stooped down and kissed Mrs. Freeland, and, adds the matron, "I was repaid." She knew no English when she came and already, in January, she is taking part in the evening vespers and reads her verses out of the Bible nicely. She loves pretty things, especially sunsets. Looking out of the windows one night at a wonderful sunset she asked, "Is that where Jesus lives?"

It is indeed a great joy that this Home and one for girls at Canora, Sask., is built. The latter was made possible by a gift from the late Mrs. Waddell, of Peterboro. It would have been opened ere now but on account of the epidemic it was thought best not to do so until after the summer holidays.

A remarkably strong testimony to the value of our work comes in the statement made before a body of public school teachers, "That, during the last four years of the war where Presbyterian and Methodist School Homes were established and mission work carried on among these foreigners, it was

there that the people were willing to enlist or enter war service, there Red Cross work flourished. Where there was no such influence there was no response to patriotism or war work."

And so the work goes on, much is accomplished, but much left undone for lack of money. One thing is sure, this work among the young is one of the important works given to the W.M.S. to carry on, for it is foundation work on which can be built the superstructure of a more enlightened Canada.

Indians as Fellow Citizens



Inspector Graham and 23 soldiers of our King.

THE progress of our Indian work in Western Canada is best told in the reports of our missionaries, who are nobly doing their best to extend the Kingdom of God in the more isolated places of our own country.

Out of a population of over 100,000 Indians in Canada there are many who have no knowledge of our Gospel and are living amid the pagan customs of half a century ago.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has, during the last century, undertaken to maintain missions to the Indians at some twenty points, and to Christianize and educate over five hundred children in our schools. But for the past sixteen years, as far as the extension of the work is concerned, we have been only marking time. It is a blot on the fair name of Canada to have pagan tribes almost at our door. The church and Government should see to it that all have an equal opportunity of receiving the Gospel Message. Anything done for the Indians' benefit should not be considered in the light of charity, but rather as a small reparation for the lands forfeited to the white man.

We are pleased to report the probability of a new church on the Qu'Appelle reserve, but there is dire need also for a place of worship both on the Lake of the Woods reserve and Rolling River reserve. The loyalty of our Indians during the Great War commends them to our Christian consideration in this respect.

We have reason to believe that in another half century they will have contributed their share to the up-building of our country—enjoying the full rights of citizenship in all walks of life.

The response to the call from the Government for greater production on the land has been very satisfactory, and it has proved a strong impetus to the Indian to carry on in the future, as he realizes what a help it has been to him in earning a livelihood.

Our children in the boarding schools materially assisted in gathering in the harvest; working in the gardens, and are becoming each year a substantial asset to the revenue of the school. The older boys, who could be spared from the school farms, hired with farmers, and many of them have bought their own clothes. At the Birtle School the aggregate of their combined earnings was \$500.00. With the approval of the Government a portion of this was placed in the bank to the credit of each boy, thus inculcating the habit of saving, which has not been a trait of the Indian in the past. If clothing is asked for any boy of seventeen or eighteen years, it is because he has been retained on the school farm and more than earns all he receives.

The Indians on the Rolling River Reserves paid a debt of \$300.00 to the Government for seed grain and own their own threshing outfit. The missionary says the best gift Canada ever gave the Indian was Prohibition. The drink habit kept him in poverty and ignorance.

The Jr. Red Cross Society of our File Hills school earned during the year \$205.95 and sent it to headquarters at Regina. They raised by sale of their own work, \$100.60; earned by stooking grain \$97.20; by donations from members \$8.15; besides knitting 15 pair of socks; making four trench caps; two dozen face cloths; 17 personal property bags, and two Christmas stockings for soldiers in the hospital.

From our Cote Indian reserves 20 young men responded to the call for overseas service, four were wounded and one gave his life for the cause. The epidemic of influenza carried off twelve persons, mostly young children, and those living in primitive Indian ways. The missionary says, "The spirit of liberty is growing amongst our Indians as fast or faster than among the white people. The giving this year to local expenses, the budget and charitable objects was much in advance of any former year."

The report from the Birdtail reserve says, "The work of education and training among these people often does not meet with a great deal of encouragement, but my own conclusions are that nowhere does education and religious teaching show its uplifting results more than here."

From Swan Lake we learn that the children have attended school regularly, owing to the mild winter. They are clever and learn quickly and are as lovable as white children. The missionary regrets that the generous friends of the little ones could not make an occasional visit to the school. Only a visit from two Government officials during the year—not one representative from the church—is this year's record. A great upward change has taken place in the conduct of the Indian as well as a great advance in cleanliness and manners in the home and in the person. During the year much additional land was cultivated for crops, and although the crop to a degree disappointed them, the high prices gave them a fair remuneration. The work of winning these people for Christ and His Kingdom goes on slowly but surely and we have many evidences of the power of His Spirit in their lives.

The work at Hurricane Hills has been carried on faithfully during the year. Several needed repairs were made to the Mission house. The givings for the year totalled \$119.81. The W.M.S. contributed \$12.90 to the general society and still labor on doing their "bit" to extend the Kingdom of our Master. The social life among the people was well maintained.

The report from Moose Mountain says prosperity and misfortune have run closely together; nearly all engaged in farming have harvested good crops of barley, oats and wheat, for which they have received the usual high prices. Those raising cattle also met their obligation for horses, machinery and home comforts. A good deal of new land has been broken up by the more successful of our farmers and they are looking forward in hope to increased produc-

tion in 1919. During the early part of the year small-pox, in a mild form, visited the reserve. No deaths occurred but we were kept busy giving lessons in sanitation, etc. In the early winter came the influenza. There were eighty-four cases, but only two died. When not prevented by sickness the children have attended school and made good progress.

At Lizard Point the work is steadily progressing and the missionary writes that he is convinced that the future of the Indians is bound up in agriculture. They are in a much better position financially than a year ago. They sold the best part of 1,000 tons of hay. The attendance at church services has been encouraging, especially during the milder weather, but decreases in the winter, as we have no shed to shelter the horses and it is too cold for them to stand out. We had eleven deaths on the reserve from influenza and the population stands at about 200. The women meet with Mrs. Scott once a week to learn to sew, and thus provide articles of clothing for their own use. Those who can read are beginning to enquire for papers and books. We distribute some reading matter among them and a few subscribe for Church papers. The weekly envelope system for mission purposes has made a start with fair success.

On the Pipestone reserve there are sixty-five people, twenty-eight of these are Presbyterians. Sabbath services were conducted as usual, and during the year three infants were baptized, two were added to the communion roll, and there was one Christian marriage. The Indians regret keenly the death of their minister and supervisor, Rev. Mr. Ross, as he was a kind friend to them. The financial side of the work is low, owing to the failure of crops. Mrs. Thunder has just completed ten nice quilts for sale; the money they bring will go to the W.M.S. funds. The missionary adds, "We are so grateful to the young women's Bible Class in Victoria Church, Toronto, for the gift of a magic lantern. It has been a wonderful help in our work. The Indians from other reserves visit them when the lantern is in use.

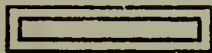
In spite of difficulties, in the way of temporary quarters, the work at Alberni, B.C., is making steady progress and we are delighted to learn from the Indian Department at Ottawa that they purpose erecting a new boarding school at Alberni this coming summer.

The staff and pupils suffered much from a severe attack of "flu," and one bright boy passed away. The inadequate quarters made it very difficult to look after the sick. Kind friends in Alberni came to their relief and ministered day and night until all were out of danger.

The work of the Barclay Sound and Ucluelet was cared for by Thomas Shewish, native missionary, while Rev. J. T. Ross kindly supervised the building of the new boarding school at Ahousaht.

We again record our sorrow at the sudden passing away of our new Principal, Rev. Mr. Matthews, at Lake of the Woods Boarding School. We welcome his successor, Rev. P. Martin, and wish him true success in the undertaking before him. We regret that, owing to labor conditions, it has been well nigh impossible to get competent workers for our school. To all new members of staff we extend a cordial welcome and wish a God speed to all who have gone from us.

These few incidents from the reports of our Indian workers show, in a very small degree, the nature of the work they are doing. We know that this ministry to our red brethren will not fail of its reward, nor return unto the Master void of results.



“To Cure Sometimes---To Relieve Often--- To Comfort Always”---Our H.M. Hospitals



The hospital “jitney,” Wakaw, Dr. Scott at the wheel.

OUT of the heart are the issues of life. Back of all our hospital work is the compassion of the human heart, the love for humanity, the pity for the suffering, and the passion for souls; and never in the history of our work has the appeal of the sick and the unfortunate been stronger than that which resulted from the terrible outbreak of the “flu” in the latter part of 1918.

Every hospital was filled far beyond its normal capacity and a great and untellable work was accomplished.

The response was just what we would expect from sympathetic, Christian workers. They could not and did not turn away any sufferer who came to the hospital for care and treatment, even though it meant in some cases giving up their own comfortable quarters. Days and nights were filled with service of the highest character, and, in many cases, this was accomplished with weakened and sick bodies struggling to help others long before they themselves were able to assume their professional duties. We cannot over-estimate the value of the service of our noble nurses, and we think this brief and inadequate tribute is only their due.

One of our nurses, Miss Jean Stewart, made the supreme sacrifice. She was our first nurse at Bonnyville and opened the work there in 1917, where she remained until compelled by overwork and general breakdown to retire in 1918. After a few months' rest she volunteered for a “hard field” and was sent to Tofield, Alberta, where the “flu” was raging. After rendering heroic service she fell a victim to the disease and passed away, leaving behind her a record of a noble and courageous life given for others, and a memory that will ennoble her chosen profession.

From every hospital, no matter how remote, has come the story of the scourge and the brave efforts made to stamp it out. From one of our hospitals comes the story of the wonderful conversion of a whole family who had been brought back to life from the very jaws of death through our nurses' efforts and prayers. The father had been so strongly opposed to our hospital and workers that he had practically persecuted all concerned with it and had circulated stories intended to undermine the entire undertaking. But “God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,” and when the “flu” broke out in all its fury that whole family was stricken and no one would go near them. As soon as our workers heard of it they went and offered their assistance. They found the mother and daughter critically ill, too ill to be moved. The father, however, and two of the children were taken to the hospital where they recovered. One nurse stayed on duty at the home and was successful, not only in saving their bodies, but in winning their souls to Christ, the Great Physician. The entire family have come out strongly in defense and advocacy of our Presbyterian cause, and are exercising a fine influence among their friends. Line upon line, indeed! In this particular

field our workers have experienced the fact that the days of martyrdom are not over yet for those who have to fight secret and powerful foes.

The year 1918 might be termed "Children's Year" in our hospital work, so many little ones having been cared for during the year. Miss Bell of Teulon, tells the following about some who have come under her care:—

"In looking to the future of our work we would like to see an orphan's home established in some of our missions. Just now we have four motherless children here who will never leave us of their own accord. One little girl who came to us a little over two months ago, more dead than alive, with pus on the lung, has responded so splendidly to the doctor's treatment and good care that she is now able to be out of doors every day, and is actually getting fat and rosy. Another is a little darling, fourteen months old, whom no one (but the nurse) wants, and she is truly a child to love—so sweet and fragile. Her mother was one of our girls. She attended school here for four or five years. A month ago she died after a lingering illness. Now her baby is left for someone to love, and in return her giver will receive plenty of sweet baby smiles, which to my mind more than repays all love and care. Is it not possible that that someone out of their abundance would like to establish such a home where these dear little ones might be so cared for, so as not to entirely miss a little of the motherly love which is the right of every child?

Dr. Hunter has been kept very busy day and night, and it can be truly said of the doctor: "he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." We all rejoice that the doctor's mother is yet with us. Her kindly sympathy has always been a great stimulus during our busy times and we truly hope she may be long spared to us.

Many of our patients have expressed themselves in terms of deepest gratitude for the care and comfort received while with us, and if our hospital home stands for anything, we could wish for nothing better than that it should stand for comfort in the deepest and truest sense.

Mr. Hall who was our missionary at Sifton sends the following account of the work:

She walked a round trip of forty miles, carrying a baby and leading the rest of her small family by the hand—to have a tooth pulled. There was no dispensary at Sifton in those days. This poor mother, tortured night and day with toothache, felt that sooner or later she could bear it no longer and would have to see the doctor twenty miles away. But how? It seemed quite clear that she could neither leave the family of little ones nor take them with her. So she still hung on and suffered untold agonies. Finally, in desperation, she threw something to eat into a large handkerchief, tied the corners and hooked it over her arm, then taking the youngest baby in the other arm, she called the other children to her and started on her long weary tramp. The children were often tired, fretful and hungry, while the mother was footsore, worried and exhausted. It would be no use to ask her how she accomplished it, for she does not know. Many times she would have turned back but for the terrible pain in her face. She at last reached Dauphin and had the refractory tooth pulled. After the children had rested and slept she started on the return journey, another twenty miles, but with no toothache. Forty miles on foot over little or no trails, carrying a baby, with children pulling at her dress every foot of the way, the unfortunate mother plodded on—because there was no dispensary at Sifton. This woman was in the dispensary the other day and told us her story. In the early days she once got soaked through with rain while bringing the cows home. She contracted rheumatism as a result, it received no attention because people were too poor in those days. To-day she is a crippled, old-looking young woman, grateful for the presence of a medical mission dispensary at Sifton.

There was brought in for the nurse's attention a few days ago a case that was hopeless from the start. It was a wee tot just able to toddle around and poke into things. Finding a tin of lye in the house it had eaten a quantity before anyone noticed it. It was brought in for treatment some thirty hours after the lye had been taken. The mother had thought the child was getting better because it ceased to cry so much as at first—through sheer

weakness. When the father was asked why he did not bring it in the day before he declared that the weather was too cold. The child died soon after arrival, its little mouth, throat and stomach were literally burnt up.

Recently the nurse was called out to a confinement case not a hundred miles from the dispensary premises. It was in the early hours of the morning. Everything went well for mother and babe, thanks to the skill of the nurse, but at five o'clock in the morning the husband and father came home after an all-night poker game. Three days after the baby was born the mother had to get up in the night to replenish the stoves in the house. What would that unfortunate mother have done without the help of the nurse is unknown.

Possibly many deeds of unrecorded heroism of nurses and doctors lie hidden behind the "flu" epidemic, but it is a question whether the demands on any doctor or nurse exceeded those on nurse Angus during the epidemic in the Sifton district. Owing to abnormal conditions at Ethelbert, Dr. Gilbert was well nigh worked to death there and cancelled his regular trips to Sifton. The nurse was thrown entirely on her own resources. Again and again was she called upon to diagnose quickly and accurately. Day after day she was out on the road beating the trails before daylight and after dark. She never knew when she set out in the morning at what time she might return, for she was called into houses here and there as she proceeded. One day she had to diagnose and treat some forty cases before she returned home cold, tired, and hungry. Many a dinner time went by with scarcely her knowing it. The cases treated ranged from incipient "flu" to pneumonia in its worst phases, and the patients' ages were from infants to granddads. The special features in the health of some of the mothers required a judicious care to which the nurse's resourcefulness always responded. As if in special tribute to the nurse's ability and self-sacrificing devotion to the demands of the moment, under the blessing of God not one case treated by her proved fatal. During the nurse's absence, Miss McLeod, the matron, was kept busy giving out medicine to callers at the dispensary who crowded the door sometimes a dozen at a time. The magnitude of the task and the unqualified success of the Sifton staff may be judged from the fact that the local medical health officer gave up the idea of effective quarantine measures among the non-English element.

The vitality of infants is ever an interesting study. Some can stand but little in the struggle for existence, while others fight to the last with a sturdiness that is remarkable. Quite recently a child was brought to the dispensary in advanced stage of pneumonia. Its little face was fast turning black as the mother uncovered it for inspection. Both the nurse and the doctor had small hopes of its recovery. Nevertheless, the mother and babe were made as comfortable as possible, and the nurse began a determined fight to save the baby's life. While the tired and frantic mother looked on, wringing her hands, the nurse fought a forty-eight hour battle with death and won. She got what sleep she could when she could, but she never let go of the child, and to-day it lives. The nurse has a sense of victory that only nurses and doctors know. The mother is once again happy with her babe, and the Sifton dispensary has again vindicated its worth to the district.

At Ethelbert the year was, perhaps, the heaviest on record, and although statistics are not usually very interesting we are giving the number of patients treated here as a piece of surprising information. When we consider the small hospital and small staff the record is amazing. The number is 3,027. Dr. Gilbert has asked for a Hospital Unit to be opened in this Dauphin colony, some twenty miles from the hospital, where the people are very poor. They settled on this swamp land in northern Manitoba, and have had a great struggle to get enough yield to eke out an existence. Yet they need the Gospel light and spiritual food to lift their souls from spiritual darkness far more than they need the material gain.

Rev. R. G. Scott, B.A., M.D., our medical missionary, sends the following interesting and encouraging account of the work at the "Anna Turnbull" Hospital, Wakaw:

During the epidemic we were extremely busy. I did not want to admit any patients suffering from the influenza into any but the isolation ward, as at the time there were several maternity patients with us. It was fortunate that these had all left before the real influenza patients arrived. First we opened the isolation and had it filled with men who had no home of their own, or at least were bachelors. Then one day a woman came in just recovering, and then another, and another, and then one who was just at the beginning of the disease, and from that time all our patients were suffering from the influenza. Miss Baker was taken down, but as we all had been inoculated, her case was mild, and the others of the staff all escaped. Mrs. Low and Miss MacLeod had a busy time for over a month, but were able to keep going. Since that time our work has become normal again.

This part of the country has changed a great deal in the past few years. There has been great activity on the farms in all directions. The amount some of the individual men have accomplished has been very great. The supply of help both for the field and the house was limited, and the need for a large crop was acute. One man put in about one hundred and fifty acres by himself. When the harvest came he could not get help, and drove his binder during the day, and stooked far into the night. One of the results of the hard work of the past years is that the people generally are much better off than ever before. Our district is fertile, and has yielded a great deal of wealth. Evidences of this are seen everywhere. Therefore there is a much smaller percentage of the people who are unable to pay for their hospital accommodation. Some of those who owed accounts for several years have been able to pay. We hope that we shall not need to call for so much help after this from the W.M.S. All these years we have had merely to make our needs known, and at once the means were generously supplied. From this time onward there will be some who for various reasons will be unfortunate, and we shall continue to help these as always. Our work, however, will be a good deal like that done by the municipal hospitals, which are growing up all over the west. Patients of all classes, creeds and kinds come to us. There is an element among the German Catholics who are at least unfriendly, if not hostile to us. But many German Catholics have been our patients, and many French as well. At present one of our patients is a Catholic French priest. Hungarians and Galicians also come. (Galicians formerly preferred to be called Ruthenians, but now all are "Ukrainians.")

When a stranger came into this district ten years ago and drove across the country thirty miles before reaching the Geneva Mission, to take charge of the work so well started by Dr. Arthur, he saw many evidences on the road of the power of the Roman Catholic Church. In every district the most conspicuous building was the Catholic church. At Leofeldt, St. Meinrad, and St. Benedict, at Bonne Madone, Bellevue and Domremy, and at Wakaw, there was a church for all the people. Scattered here and there all through these districts were a few of our own people, to whom the church gave as much service and support as distances and circumstances allowed. But nowhere was there a Protestant church to be seen. An attempt was made in 1908 and 1909 to organize a Hungarian Presbyterian church. A building was erected, and the opening services held with great display, but soon the people who at home had been accustomed to a state church, found that they were not yet ready for home rule. After a stormy history the church was deserted, and has not been in use for the last eight years. Recently it was repurchased for a small sum by some local Hungarians, who have become members of the Baptist Church. They have refitted it, and are now holding their services in it as they are able to get a minister to serve them.

In Wakaw, for the past seven years, we have been holding our services in halls. It did not seem possible for us to build a church. However, last year we were able to organize a building committee, and work was started. From the first we had the hearty co-operation of the Hungarian Reformed, who call themselves Presbyterian. They paid in about \$1,300.00 cash into the fund, and the English-speaking people have raised most of the balance. We have a debt of about \$600.00, which we should be able to carry as long as ne-

cessary, without any outside help. The church was built in the fall, finished in the winter, and opened in March of this year by Prof. Munro, of Saskatoon. This church and the other mentioned above are the only two Protestant places of worship (outside of the Ruthenian Presbyterian Church) between Dana and the Saskatchewan River, a distance of fifty miles.

At Canora, Miss Fox, our deaconess secretary, reports some splendid opportunities for service if she had a knowledge of the Ruthenian language, and we are hoping the way may be opened whereby she will be enabled to secure this very necessary knowledge. Everyone who has visited the "Hugh Waddell" memorial hospital speaks of the fine class of missionary service that hospital is giving the community, and of the tremendous opportunities for aggressive work. The work at the "Katherine H. Prittie" hospital has almost doubled, and Mrs. Manahan, the newly-appointed Lady Superintendent, tells of the rapid growth of the community, with new settlers coming in by thousands. Many young mothers are embracing the comfort and advantages of our hospital and showing their gratitude by sending back, after they leave the hospital, something that they noticed lacking to the well-being and efficiency of the work. Their appreciation is unstinted and is expressed by gifts rather than words.

In Vegreville a little child three years old was brought in one day in a terrible condition, having had both feet severed from his legs by a binder while in the grain field. His life was spared by careful nursing, and his parents were most grateful.

Mr. Duclos has asked that a hospital unit be opened at Cold Lake in Northern Alberta, where the people are over one hundred miles from a railroad and fifty miles from a doctor. Another field with great possibilities!

Atlin hospital continues to be the haven of rest and healing that it has always been. A doctor is there now and much of the heavy responsibility is lifted from our nurse's shoulders. We cannot help but feel that the heart throb of loving sympathy permeates every act and thought of those who represent the W.M.S. at our hospital centres in the west, and that the real issues of life do come out of the full and compassionate heart. God grant that they be given grace to continue in His work, and prove that they are indeed His disciples, following where He leads. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Witnesses for Christ in South China



Nurses playing croquet.

THE year 1918 was a busy one in the medical work in South China, but in many ways more satisfactory than any previous year. Many patients are coming back, when necessity arises, thus showing their faith in the hospital. The event of the year came in November, when the graduation exercises of three nurses took place. There were many speeches praising the

work of women and the benefit that nursing was going to be to China. One man said his wife and baby owed their lives to our hospital and good nursing.

“China needs trained nurses, girls who will go out and not only nurse in the homes, but teach the women how to look after their children and their own bodies.” Dr. MacBean feels the importance of this work, and if there are to be nurses, all hospitals must help in training them. The “Marion Barclay” is the smallest hospital in South China, but because of that the nurses have probably had a more thorough training. There was no difficulty in our graduates securing positions. After taking four months’ post-graduate work in Kung-Yee Hospital, Canton, Chung Hi Tak returns to our hospital to be head nurse, and the other two graduates are going to Kung-Yee as head nurses. “These three will be a credit to the profession they have chosen.” Fully half of the patients who come to the hospital are maternity cases and, because of this, Dr. MacBean has asked for the erection of a building for this work alone. Shall it be done? Who will go to help in the work?

Besides their hospital duties, the nurses have taken an active interest in the Sunday prayer-meetings and Y.W.C.A., and witnessed for Christ among the patients. There is also at the hospital a blind Bible reader, who spends part of each day in speaking and reading to the patients. She is a well-trained masseuse and gives treatment to all who need it.

The Girls’ Boarding School at Kong Moon Port had 64 pupils—10 more than last year—and among them are some who are preparing themselves for Bible-women. Three Chinese women teachers give full time to teaching and classes are taken by Miss Dickson, Miss Langrill and Miss Dulmage. In this they are assisted by Mrs. J. A. McDonald and Mrs. Meyer, who take the lessons in music and drawing.

For the first time a class is preparing to graduate in June, 1919. In all about 250 girls and boys are under instruction in our schools.

The aim of all medical and educational work is that through it the Gospel should find an entrance. The following incidents and quotations will show how much evangelistic effort is going on in the midst of the institutional work.

In connection with the work of the Y.W.C.A. at the boarding school, “sixteen of the girls pledged themselves to do Christian work while at home for their summer holidays, such as to teach young children and to keep on the Sunday school in their home village. One of the most earnest is a girl from Ma Uen, who wrote her pledge thus: ‘I promise to use all I know of the Gospel to help the women and girls in my home village.’

“The work at Shek-Ki has gone on steadily under the efficient care of the Bible-woman. There have been two especially interesting cases during the year. One was that of an old woman who was never willing to listen to the Gospel, but who was so impressed by the triumphant home-going of her son, that she sent for the Christians to come and burn her tablets and idols. She is one of our most earnest Christians now. The other case was that of a man whose wife was a Christian, and who made life very hard for her. He took very ill some months ago and would not even allow her to wait on him. As he grew worse, one night several Christians were sitting up in his house. The Bible-woman said she had just been praying that God would give her the opportunity to say something to him, when he turned to her and said, ‘I Ku, how can I be saved?’ He died believing.”

“One encouraging feature of the work at Ngoi Hoi has been the coming in of a class of young girls, mostly from a large school in town. It began with the return of a young Christian girl from a Hong Kong boarding school. Her sisters are in the school mentioned above, and after becoming Christians, they brought in their friends. Six of these girls are in my Thursday class and about twelve in my S. S. class. Several would like to become Christians, but are opposed by their families.”

The evangelistic work at San Ui is under Dr. MacBean’s care. Here she has a Bible class for women after the dispensary hours on Thursday. “This class has been a great joy. The women have done a good deal of personal work during the year. We have just organized three Bible study classes and hope they will be the means of drawing members into the church. One of the women who joined the church from our woman’s class some years ago, has

now finished a short course and is doing Bible-woman's work in her home village, outside of San Ui city. She began in September and is continuing faithful in her work, though meeting with much opposition. When able to, I spend Sunday in San Ui, where I have a S. S. class, and then a kindergarten class for little tots while the church service is going on. This class is most interesting and has been a help in keeping our church service more orderly."

The story of the work among the women at Ma Uen is "full of interest, for from the first they have manifested unusual earnestness and faith. Three years ago their meetings were disturbed by outsiders beating gongs and using other means to break them up, but the women were so united in their desire not to give up, that before long there was none of it. Two of their number died last summer. One was an old blind woman, who used to sit in her home singing hymns. The passers-by hearing her, would come in to find out the meaning of it, and she would tell them." Of the other, Wai Chan, Miss Dulmage writes: "Besides these four (her mother and three other relatives) an old woman has been received into the church at the Port, who first heard the Gospel from this woman. So when our Father called her home, we could only rejoice, that in the few years she had known Him, He had used her to bear so much fruit. We are trusting that her death will mean much in strengthening the lives of those who are already Christians."

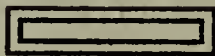
"Chan I Mo, the Christian woman from Lin Tong, still continues to be the leading inspiration. She is well on in years and a bound-foot woman, but she almost always walks to and from chapel, a distance of about eight miles, and rarely misses a service. The attendance at the Sunday and the mid-week service has been largely due to her untiring efforts in visiting and bringing people out. She has a great many relatives in neighboring villages and has been faithful in carrying the message to them."

"Our faithful Sz Ku went to her reward, after years of suffering and weakness. God seemed to give her strength during the last three weeks, and when her friends remonstrated with her about the amount she was trying to do, her only answer was: 'The time has come, I must work while it is day.' Many a woman has been led into the truth by this faithful servant of God."

Au Saam Ku, one of the Bible-women at Kong Moon City, continues to do good work. She is a consecrated Christian woman, eager to bring souls into the Kingdom, and willing to do her share that all may have an opportunity to hear. Her faith in and dependence on prayer is a constant inspiration. It is a real joy to work with her."

Miss Dulmage says: "I should like to express my appreciation of the tirelessness and faithfulness of Tong Sz Ku, the Bible-woman with whom I have been most associated. She makes use of every opportunity to seek out those who will listen to the Gospel, and is always willing to go any place or do anything for the sake of winning others. She can speak with real conviction, for she knows from her own experience how Christ can transform lives."

"Behold these shall come from far and these from the land of Sinim." Isa. 49: 12.



In "Fair" Formosa



A city park.

THIS year, from Formosa we give you notes from a letter from one of our evangelistic missionaries. In it we see her going about among the people, happy in her work, earnest in her desire to help them and to bring them to see their need of the help she is offering them. She is interested in all, old and young, boys and girls! What a picture it brings to us!

"I am just home a day

from a country or outside station and am going back again to-morrow, so that is how I am writing now. When the church we visit has a separate room, where we can stay, then we sometimes have a little time to write. This place, Toyen, like the place I spent three weeks at in January (Shinchikec) had no separate room. At Shinchikec I occupied the living room, no windows, only doors to give light, and it was fairly cold and windy. In the evening the lamp gave poor light, so I was glad to go to bed early. Mr. Armstrong spent Sunday there while I was there. He and Mr. MacLeod slept at the Japanese Inn, and had their meals with me. At Toyen the preacher's wife and my Bible woman occupy the big Chinese bed, and I my canvas cot. They always go to bed first and get up first, so I really have the room to myself while dressing. I cooked and ate in the living room, and scarcely ever had a moment alone, except when eating, so you see it is sometimes hard to write. Those are the times, too, when one feels like writing to friends, a one-sided chat even is enjoyable. The weather has not been fine lately, much rain, so we visited every morning in the town, but few women braved the rain to come to the class in the afternoon, so as I had only an hour's journey home, I came back for a few days. I was feeling wretched, perhaps "flu." Notwithstanding the rain, we were much encouraged at Toyen. There has been no S. S. and the preacher, a young man who has just been there three months, is going to start one. Then the first afternoon we had crowds; it was a lovely day. From 1.30 to 3 p.m. we addressed groups of heathen, then had a service for the Christians. Several women were so interested they came again, and we have been to their home, a very large household and rich. One of the sons in the Mayor, and his wife is learning to read. His old father of 76 had heard the Gospel often and believes it is true, but to make the great resolve to be a Christian seems to be hard. We so often find people who understand the teachings of the Gospel, they praise it, they believe there is one true and great God; they even realize that they have done wrong things, but they seem to lack the conviction of sin and need of a Saviour. They need your prayers. We need your prayers that we may know how to present the message so as to bring conviction.

One of the daughters-in-law is a widow, and we are trying to persuade her to go to the women's school. She seems a good student and has plenty of time. If we could have one in the household become a Christian, it would be such a good beginning.

At another house one morning there was an old man, who seemed so interested. He stayed a long time, and afterwards we were told he was a sorcerer. When we visited a house and found the people interested we stayed quite a while.

You remember the idol I had with me while at home? I left it with Miss Parsons. When I went to Shinchiku this January I was interested to see the progress the family who had given me the idol had made. Perhaps you remember a Christian family we visited in a village had asked us to pray with

a sick neighbor, who had spent much money praying to idols to get better, but without success. We did, and the next day the woman was better and has continued so. That was three years ago. The woman is baptized now, the daughter-in-law is able to read the catechism, and the son is also attending church. This year she was very eager for me to go to her house the first Monday I was in Shinchiku, but I had promised to go elsewhere. She was disappointed, as she was having a birthday feast and friends and relatives were to be present. We went the following day, but they were all gone; still a neighbor's daughter became interested that day and continued to come to class all the weeks we were there.

The second invitation that Monday was from a Christian man, at another village, whose father was ill and his family persecuted him. His mother did not seem pleased to see us, and although we never referred to her treatment of the son, yet she assured us she never objected to his going to church. We went again another day and she was so changed, seemed glad to see us; evidently the Gospel of love was working in her heart. Now the preacher writes asking for the Bible woman to go to teach that family, as they have decided to put away their idols. There were other very hopeful cases there—several earnest vegetarians that were almost persuaded—so we are glad to have the Bible-woman go back. It was Peng-a-chin who was my companion there, now Go Lin is going out with me.

Last year, when I was at Shinchiku (Japanese name for Sin-tek) a very old woman came quite often with a Christian relative she was visiting. She taught her hymns and a short prayer. This year, the preacher asked us to visit a new hearer, who lived in a village near the sea. He said the mother had heard the Gospel and, on her return home, urged her son to go to church to hear. It was this old woman. How pleased she was to see us. It was a quaint village, so out-of-the-way. As we passed one house an old man was dusting an idol—it was just before the Chinese New Year when they dust the idols. I thought "You are a devout old man and won't go to hear the Gospel." But he came and was much interested. There have been so many places where the people have been so glad to hear, our hearts rejoice and our prayers are more earnest for them.

Last November I spent two delightful weeks at Tiong-lek. The weather was fine and the life at the church was so enjoyable. I had a room which was only shared at night with my Bible woman. The preacher's mother-in-law, a sister of Dr. MacKay's first convert, A-hoa, is so full of fun that I always enjoy a visit with her, and it is invigorating to have a good laugh after your day's work of speaking and teaching. There were four cute little children there, too, they are so old-fashioned, that they added to the pleasure of the visit.

A deacon's wife there is a most interesting woman. A fine, big, strong Hakka woman, with any amount of energy. Her husband has a crockery store, and she seems to know everybody. When the new church was being built about four or five years ago she actually helped in the work. She found it hard to learn to read, but has succeeded, and is fond of reading her Bible. She does not hide her light under a bushel, is always active in speaking about the Gospel, and almost every morning accompanied us on our visiting.

The public school was not far from the church, and they had several holidays while we were there, so that the boys who came made good progress in reading the Romanized, and four have become regular S. S. scholars. They were very restless during the service, which we always hold in the afternoon, so we read stories to them and reviewed; in that way they learned many Bible truths. At first there were fifteen or twenty boys, but they did not all keep on coming. One of our Tamsui school girls, home at that time because of the influenza, proved such a help in teaching and, although a young girl under twenty, willingly conducted meetings and gave such good addresses.

While at Tiong-lek, I heard some stories about foot-binding that I had never heard of before. An old lady told me that when the feet were bound, if they bent over to one side, then the mother would place a piece of broken crockery against the foot on that side and bind it there. We can imagine the pain caused by this would make the child remember to keep the foot straight.

Shepherding the People in Chosen (Korea)



Korean children ironing.

“**I** WISH you could see Grace Lee,” said a recent visitor to Korea, and then a description was given of this charming Korean girl, who has become identified with our work and is fast becoming a tower of strength to our missionaries.

“What does she look like?” was asked of the visitor, and that was harder to tell, for while she is beautifully dainty and neat in her native white dress, her chief attraction lies in the wonderful expression of her face and her smile so winsome and charming. It is, we are told, the radiant expression of the face which distinguishes the Christian from the non-Christian in Korea.

When Grace was “discovered” some six or eight years ago, she was marked for a teacher, for she was unusually bright in intellect and very anxious to learn. Already she is able to teach in the girls’ school, taking several of the secular subjects, and is assisting with the preparation of missionary biographies which will be used in the Women’s Missionary Societies for study in the coming year. Grace seems to fill many positions, and is a charming companion on itinerating trips, and presents the Gospel story to her less fortunate sisters tactfully and convincingly. There are many such girls in Korea who are waiting for the time when they, too, may get the higher education so eagerly desired.

Another bright young girl in attendance at one of the schools is being supported by a Bible class in Toronto, and she has sent the following letter of thanks to the class:—

“Dear Friends of the ——— Class:—

“I wish I could see your loving faces, but the great ocean dividing the East from the West separates us. My heart is full of love and praise to God because of your kindness to me. I feel that it is the grace of God which has enabled me to continue my studies, and I am very thankful indeed. You wish to develop this unworthy child into a good strong Christian character, but it seems to me that I will never be able to repay

you for your great love to me. I earnestly desire to follow Jesus, and intend to do my utmost to develop a good Christian character and to become a light to my people. I shall endeavor to repay you for your great love by passing it on to others. I pray that your body and soul may ever be at peace.

“Yours gratefully,

“NAMIN PAK.”

In sad contrast to this is the Magdalen who interested one of our missionaries, Miss Palethorpe, when on a trip into the country. “Just a few doors from the inn where we were staying was a house of ill-fame. We could hear the gruesome clang of native music luring victims to this place. To my sorrow I learned that the keeper of the house was a woman who had come here on Saturday night saying she wanted to believe, and she seemed to be in earnest about it. She had apparently heard the Gospel message often and was well informed. She stayed with us to worship, but was not back yesterday; the idea of dissociating herself from her trade when she confessed Christ was more than she could do. Yet I still hope that the spirit of God is working with her and that she will see that Christ is sufficient for such as she.”

The *great adventure* among the older women in Korea in which the younger, too, may join, is the formation in many centres of *Women's Missionary Societies*. When a woman becomes a Christian she becomes a missionary as well, and the form of self-expression which our missionaries encourage is the W.M.S. Think of it! A country so recently a “hermit” nation is not only doing missionary work at home, but is reaching out to countries around her—to China and Russia, so vast and so in need of the Light that has become so wonderfully bright in Korea. And to Japan also, who is her ruler, is this Light being given.

This paragraph appears in a recent letter:—“I have already mentioned our English class for Japanese to which L—— has gone this evening, and which we believe is a ‘new open door.’ One of the young men had called to ask me how he could get an English Bible, as he wished to read it, and on Sunday morning, as I was returning from church, he rushed after me with one of his friends to tell me he had got one. He had come to the house while we were in church (from 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.) then followed us to church, but nearly missed finding us. They came in with me and said they wanted very much to hear about the Bible, so I spent about an hour telling them the Gospel story before L—— came back from the Chinese service to which she had gone. It was very sweet to hear little Elma Mansfield (who is with us at present) telling them the story from pictures in our old book, ‘Christ in Art,’ which she dearly loves. One of the men wants to be baptized and become a Christian, and we trust all the class may soon be ready to believe the Gospel. They are very grateful for our teaching.”

It surprises us to see the reports from our missions that “six W. M. Societies were formed in one district and two more added in another.” And what is more surprising, that the “Exchange Department” has now such papers as “Apostolic Missions,” “From Apostolic to Modern Missions,” and the “Story of John Williams of the New Hebrides.” These and other papers Grace Lee has assisted Miss MacCulley in condensing, translating and mimeographing for distribution among the societies. This may sound heavy, but not so to the Korean woman, who loves to study, and must be persuaded at times to leave her studies to get her lunch or attend to other commonplace duties.

The women are being trained as leaders, and the officers for the societies are chosen as far as possible from themselves. They fill the offices with becoming dignity, and parliamentary rules are carefully observed. Miss McLellan describes a meeting for the election of officers thus: “Yesterday I called a special meeting at the close of the church service. One of the items on the programme was the election of officers.

“‘I move Sin-Tree’s mother be the new chairman.’

“‘I object,’ says Sin-Tree’s mother, ‘I can’t read or write, how can I be chairman?’

“‘No difference,’ said the mover, ‘you can sit at the desk and talk, can’t you, that is all!’ And Sin-Tree’s mother, fairly bursting with pride, accepts the new honor. Among other offices is a visiting committee. ‘I move the woman from Pyang-Yang, and Kim To-Sin’s grandmother be on this committee,’ and when it carried unanimously the woman from Pyang-Yang could not contain her joy. ‘Praise the Lord that such an ignorant sinner as I am should be privileged to hold this office in the Lord’s work!’ Four women volunteered to spend two or three days this month preaching to the heathen, and report at the next meeting how many they preached to.”

Very soon we may be looking for annual reports of the W.M.S. in Korea, and it may be that the “Five-fold increase” will come before the “five-year” period is up. They are taught in their W.M.S. meetings the Christian grace of giving. On entering the room, one will see little bags of various sizes decorating the president’s table. These do not contain money (though that’s quite as acceptable) but millet, rice or beans. After the meeting the contents are sold and the amount obtained goes toward the support of a Bible woman. She seems to be their own property when they thus pay her salary, and how proud they are of her!

The work of the missionary and the Bible-woman is frequently “house-to-house” preaching. Will you look into one home as the two enter on their errand of love:—“Late in the day we came to a real farm house. The beating of ironing sticks was heard as we entered. We found the thinnest, tallest old Korean woman I have ever seen. She was weeping as she ironed and seemed glad to have some one to whom she could tell her troubles. Her only daughter had just died and the father was in the country at the funeral. Her daughters-in-law were both dead; she had three sons, two of whom were



Funeral of the Emperor of Japan.

in Seoul. She felt that there was nothing in life worth while. I prayed while the women talked together, and a miracle was wrought that day in the life of that poor old soul. As we left I said, ‘The Holy Spirit has surely gone with us to-day,’ and my Bible-woman joyfully answered, ‘It has been wonderful.’ The following day, however, as we were eating supper, the old lady came into the yard with her lantern. Her husband had come home, she said,

and she knew he would not let her go to church, so she escaped while she could. We were uncertain what might happen after church, so went to enquire the next day. The two sons also had come home and had upbraided their mother for her unheard-of actions. One son was pounding grain when we came to the gate, and we thought that a good place to talk to the mother. He became interested in what we were saying, but throwing down the mallet, informed his mother that if she went to church he would go to America, the most awful threat he could think of! Each time we called on the mother, the family, too, heard the Gospel, and the youngest son said at last that he had no objections to her doing as she pleased. She told us that though she had wept over her daughter's death all the time before she had heard of Christ, she had not cried at all since she knew Him. She asked us, pathetically, if we thought her daughter might not have been forgiven and saved, for she said that just before the girl died she said that if she got well she would go to church."

This strong type of Christian character is not rare in Korea. There is "Unhae," for example:—Less than seven years ago, when she was 54 years of age, Unhae became a Christian. She has proved to be one of the truest, most sincere and earnest Christians found in Korea. For five years she has been a Bible-woman, commanding the respect of both heathen and Christian. Untiring in her efforts, she is responsible for many souls being won for Christ. Her heathen husband had run away to Russia some years before, leaving her with several children to care for. Recently he returned with wife No. 2, and finding his first wife a Christian, teaching and preaching, he has subjected her to much abuse and persecution, even threatening her life! But Unhae is staunch and true to the faith, and has no notion of giving up her Christian belief and life. She bears all patiently, deciding to leave her home to go to the hills to work among the new, weak Christians, as well as among the heathen.

O' Anna is a little old woman of 60, probably, who never had an opportunity to study when young. A few years ago she became a Christian, and since then never misses a chance to study at the yearly Bible study class. For three years she has walked 40 miles to attend a woman's class for a month. Last year two women of almost 70, and three young girls, walked about 150 miles over bad roads, to study at the week's Bible study class, held at Hoir-yung. They were very tired after their 3-days' journey, but did not absent themselves for one study period during the week. Other women walked in their bare feet, as the mud was awful, and crossed one river more than 15 times, slipping and getting their cotton dresses soaked to their waists. But nothing deters these women when they make up their minds to attend a class for study.

Model Village, Seoul

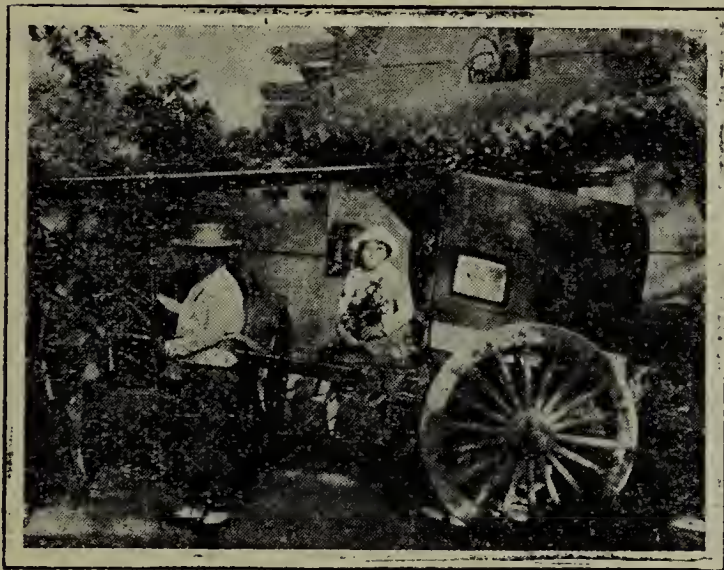
A recent letter from Miss Fingland, one of our new missionaries, says, "At Easter I attended the laying of the corner-stone of the new Christian College, which is to be built near Seoul. It will be the leading institution for Christian education in this country some day. It is to include every department, even to a model village. The grounds cover 200 acres, all covered with pines—a wonderful site, and just about two miles from the city. They had to buy the ground and the trees and then get a permit for every tree that is cut. The professors are choosing sites for their houses among the pines. If I might only be a door-keeper there I think I would be happy."

This model village is a wonderful idea. Dr. Avison is in charge of this new work. He, with the others, teachers, doctors, professors, have long felt that young men students who are obtaining a college education return home, alas! to find their young wives very far behind them, and are far from being "help-meets" for them. Hence the desire that the model village shall be a place where these young wives can come and receive education with the husband. The houses in this village will be built with a view to proper sanitation, and the young women will be taught housekeeping, laws of hygiene, care of babies, and such subjects as will be suitable for them, so that in time the status will be raised and Korean women, as well as men, shall receive the

education for which they long and to which they respond so readily. It has been said that the slogan or key word in China is "commerce," in Japan, "militarism," but in Korea it is "scholar." The model village will be more suitable for the Korean than sending them to America for education, and much more easily accomplished. Teachers are wanted, not the kind that push, but those who can say, "follow me," and Korea says that if we give them what they want in the next seven years, we will not be required to give more. Missionaries realize that while they will always be wanted, they are only the scaffolding which can be taken down when the building is finished. That Koreans appreciate what has been done for them is shown by a characteristic remark of one of the women who, on finding that the missionary's mother resided across the sea and not in the next village, said that it was "a wonder how she could leave all her friends just to come out here and teach us." Another missionary was urged to "remember to thank all the ladies in the home-land for sending them missionaries."

In these days of severe trial in Korea, when the country is stirred to its depths by revolution, word has just come of unexpected good being done. Many maimed and wounded patients lie in the hospitals (one hardly ready yet for use), and in these wards hymns are sung and the Gospel story told. The results have been encouraging, for practically all who have entered were heathen, and now are expressing a desire to become Christians. Many more are turning to the church for satisfaction and help in this time of sorrow and anxiety. Truly it can be said, "Even the wrath of man shall praise him!"

Honan



Starting out on tour, Wei Hwei.

Changte.—*Miss M. McIntosh.*—Shortly before leaving for Canada last May we called upon a bride, Mrs. Yao. This woman has an interesting history. Several years ago she was put away by her first husband because she refused to give up Christianity. Later she became nurse in a missionary's home. After some years of service in this capacity, and not feeling equal to the strain of looking after so many little folk, she began to long for a home of her own, and made it known that she would be willing to go back to her husband if he would receive her. This was

possible only on one condition, namely, that she would cease to believe in Jesus, and this she felt she could never do.

About this time a Christian young man, employed in the telegraph office, a widower, was looking around for a wife. Some of his friends suggested Ch'in Jung as a suitable person. Negotiations were commenced, a divorce procured, and soon the marriage took place.

It was quite a promotion for Ch'in Jung, from being a servant, dressed in ordinary clothing, to be raised to the rank of t'ai t'ai (a lady) and robed in beautiful satin garments, with a good, kind husband and a comfortable home.

During our visit we noticed specimens of her handiwork in the white hem-stitched coverlet and bed hangings.

Through Mrs. Yao, a neighbor sent an invitation to us to call at her home, which was another opportunity to present the Gospel message. The

influence of this new Christian home will, undoubtedly, be the means of reaching many with the Gospel message who perhaps have never heard the name of Jesus Christ.

CHANGTE-HO

The Girls' Boarding School—Miss Pyke.—At the opening of the spring term, our girls from the eastern field were delayed entering the school owing to the disturbed conditions of that district. Two girls belonging to influential families were held up by a robber band, but the entreaty of their Christian escort was not in vain, as they were allowed to remount their cart and proceed to the nearest town. The school boys of the same party were marched off to be held for ransom.

Late in the summer, in a village to the south of the city, a boy while standing in his own doorway, was deliberately shot and killed, and the home destroyed by fire. The father and sister came afterwards to the mission compound, where Wei Ling, aged eleven, remained for some weeks to await the opening of school.

School attendance being large, dormitory accommodation inadequate, and bath-room facilities limited, it was difficult to cope with contagious diseases. At one stage of the influenza epidemic, ninety of the girls were patients in the hospital; although some were very ill, all were restored to health, and we are deeply grateful to Dr. Isabel McTavish for her untiring efforts on their behalf.

The Chinese name for our school, chosen by the Chinese, and stamped on each diploma, is San Yii, meaning a three-fold education, the body, the mind and the spirit. In seeking an English name the members of Changte station decided to designate it *The Louise Henderson Boarding School*. This suggestion was heartily and unanimously approved by Honan Presbytery.

Women's Hospital.—Dr. Dow being absent on furlough, Presbytery placed Dr. Isabella McTavish in charge.

The hospital staff consisted of three medical assistants, trained by Dr. Dow, the matron and a new apprentice, a young widow who was taken on in the spring. These all proved faithful in their work, both as medical assistants and as teachers of the Gospel. Mrs. Sung, a voluntary helper, spent most of her time in the wards, and for a time two or three other Christian women came in, almost daily, and spent an hour or two teaching the patients and guiding them in the Way of Life. During the busy season the hospital was taxed to its utmost capacity. Patients overflowed from the kang (native beds) to the floor, and then to mats in the yard. It certainly is a novel experience to anyone whose idea of a hospital is a fine building two or more stories high, with fine big glass windows and hardwood floors, to see long rows of low, one-storied buildings, every room opening out into the yard; no nice white beds, just brick kang; no white sheets, just straw mats and the patients' quilted covers, which they bring with them, and which usually are far from clean; paper windows instead of glass; brick floor instead of wooden. It makes one realize that there are hospitals and hospitals! But, poor as these buildings are, many diseased bodies have found relief in them, and sin-sick souls have found the Way of Life.

An encouraging feature about the hospital work is the absolute trustfulness of the poor, ignorant women in the foreign doctor. When warned of the seriousness of an operation they will often say, "I know you will try to help me, do what you think is best." One of the hardest things a doctor has to do is to turn away cases that it is impossible to treat because of lack of skilled help, proper equipment and facilities for helping them.

It is encouraging to know that many of the patients try to make progress on the Heavenly way after they leave the hospital. Many, of course, only profess belief in order to curry favor, but many really believe, and, on their return home, continue to pray and to teach others the prayers and hymns they learned in the hospital. Many, perhaps, may have learned only a little about Jesus and have little light to guide them, but there is no doubt whatever but that their feeble gropings after Him and efforts to serve Him, as they understand service, must be very precious in His sight.

WEI HWEI

A Chinese Dinner Party

Mrs. Hugh MacKenzie.—The lady missionaries in Wei Hwei were invited to take dinner with the bride of Dr. Chang, who helps in the hospital. When we sat down each was given a saucer, a pair of chopsticks and a Chinese spoon. Four bowls of food were very soon brought in, and the hostess, with her chopsticks helped us to each kind of food. We tried to follow her example as best we could, and with our chopsticks helped her and each other. The second course consisted of more bowls of other kinds of food, and we did the same as before. Altogether we had twelve bowls, and were only thankful there were no more. Everything was delicious, and it would not be considered polite to stop eating when one wished. In China the more one eats the more pleased is the hostess. When finished, we all rose from the table and to each was passed a wash-cloth, rinsed out of warm water, to wipe our hands with, and a small bowl of boiled water to rinse out the mouth. Later a bowl of candies was passed.

The bride has been a teacher in a mission school under the China Inland Mission for some years. We are hoping she may be a great help to us in Wei Hwei.

A Glimpse at Hospital Work

Mrs. Hugh MacKenzie.—Women come in large numbers to the hospital, and while their bodies are being cared for, we avail ourselves of the great opportunity of talking with them, and try to give them a knowledge of the way of salvation. Some come long distances, riding on a wheel-barrow or cart, or if they can afford it, by train; but very often they walk. These women come burdened not only with disease, but also sorrow, and from day to day we listen to stories from heavy hearts; it is wonderful, though, what bright faces they have and how often they hide their sorrow. One woman had been beaten by her husband because she could not bear children. Another was burdened because her only daughter had died through carelessness and hatred on the part of the daughter's mother-in-law. These are only instances of the many we constantly meet. It is a great joy to see how ready the women are to listen and learn about the true God. We have thousands of hymn sheets of eight different simple hymns, and the women all receive these and enjoy singing, or rather trying to sing them. It is not easy for them to keep time, so when the leader is finishing the first line many begin at the first of the line, and each keeps her own time; however, after being in the wards for a while they do a little better.

Of the three Chinese women employed in the hospital, one lives in the yard and acts as matron; two live in a village near by, one being a nurse who helps the doctor in treating the patients, and the other teaches the women morning and afternoon, in which work she is very faithful.

Peace Celebration

Miss Isabel McIntosh.—The pupils of the day school will not forget, at least part of the history of 1918. On the glad day when word reached us of the victory of the Allies, a little group of Britishers stood in front of the city chapel, surrounded by Chinese girls, all beaming with joy, while Dr. Menzies rang the big bell vigorously for such a long time that the people began to come in from the street to see what such an unusual ringing could mean. After this noisy performance all went into the chapel and joined in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

A few days later President Hsii ordered peace celebrations to be observed throughout the whole of China. All government schools were closed for three days. A tent was erected where officials and gentry received pupils and students from schools large and small. This was the first time that girls' schools had ever been invited to appear with other students at any public gathering. Our teachers and pupils were astonished when told of the invitation, and also that they would have reserved seats. Surely a new day for China! Before re-

turning home in the evening each pupil was presented with a pretty lighted candle, which she carried with noticeable joy and pride.

The missionaries were invited to tables where champagne and light refreshments were served. Needless to say they were not tempted to partake of the former, although appreciating the spirit in which it was offered. Possibly some of these Chinese gentlemen had read in the papers of how champagne flowed freely at the celebrations in Peking and coast cities, where there live many gay foreigners, and probably they had thought the missionaries would expect it, but they know differently now.

Christmas Festivities

The Christmas season is a very happy time with us. Our country friends come in a few days before to study and also prepare for the happy day. They were most interested in watching our merry girls decorating with evergreens and red berries. Suitable texts in Chinese gold letters on red scrolls completed these decorations. Over and over again the women would exclaim, "This is Heaven!"

On Christmas eve the teachers and girls of the Sabbath school gave a very interesting entertainment, including a dialogue entitled, "The Light of the World," and some ladies attended who do not usually come under the influence of the Gospel in our regular work.

As is the usual custom, the Christian women and girls were invited to a simple Christmas dinner which was all managed and paid for by themselves. This was followed by a joyful meeting in the afternoon, when a number of women and girls took part and gave bright testimony to the power of Christ in their lives. It was a meeting which called forth genuine thanksgiving from the hearts of all those who look for the coming of His Kingdom in this great dark land.

The arrival of the fine "Esty" organ a few days before Christmas, which had been granted by the W.M.S. Board early in the year, was most timely, and its use in the chapel added very much to the interest and pleasure of the Christmas festivities.

HWAI KING

Girls' Boarding School.—Miss Lethbridge.—During October influenza visited our school, when all but three, including both teachers, were ill. For two weeks our dormitories were turned into hospital wards. Every possible care was given, but in spite of all our efforts, our little deformed Kwoa Lou Hsien, after five days' illness, left us to be with Jesus, whom she had learned to love during the five months she had been with us. Her body was carried to her home, and after being married to the spirit of a dead youth in the village, as is quite the common practice in this locality, it was possible to bury her in the family grave-yard. At such times we realize the superstition and hopelessness of the religions of the Chinese.

In December we had the joy of seeing seven of the senior girls baptized, and four others recorded as regular catechumens. We have good reason to believe they are learning to know and follow our Saviour better as time goes on.

Miss Yang, a graduate of Wei Hwei Boarding School, whose earnestness and Christian character were a great blessing in the school, leaves at the Chinese New Year to become the wife of one of the leading Christians at Chiao Tsoa.

Girls' Day School.—Miss Brown, Principal.—A very encouraging feature of the work is the influence of the girls in their own homes, one little girl of ten persuading her family not to follow their usual custom of burning incense to their gods, nor in many instances are the children required to worship these gods now.

A surprising number of t'ai t'ais have learned "The Lord's Prayer" and "Jesus Loves Me." The change to the new hymn book, with its quite different translations has, for the present, somewhat dampened their desire to learn hymns. Perhaps no class is harder to win fully than the upper leisured class, who spend the greater part of their time in feasting and gambling. The

growth of the seed may be slow, but there is hope that in many hearts it has commenced to take root. One of these ladies has publicly acknowledged that she believes and prays every day. Another lady over sixty, who has taken much interest, comes regularly to the services, but spends much of her time between in card playing (for money), quite freely confessed her fault. She said she knew what was preached was the truth and she knew, too, that it would be better to surrender all to Jesus, but what would she do with her time if she gave up card playing? To her mind there seemed no solution to the problem. A struggle is going on in this woman's heart. Let prayer be made that she will obtain the victory.

A very interesting service took place in the chapel on February 16th. Miss Brown's mother, whose whole life interest had centred in missions, had been called to her heavenly home a year before. In her last letter to Miss Brown she had mentioned that she was praying that the premises, so long desired in the city, might be secured. They were shortly afterwards, and the school opened with very bright promise. Mrs. Brown's family decided that a fitting memorial to their mother would be to place a bell on the chapel to call the women of the city to worship, not their old heathen gods, but Jesus the true God. The bell was sent out from Canada, and a special service was held on the occasion of the first time it was rung. The place was filled to overflowing, though there were theatres on all sides. This was a striking demonstration to the Chinese that the foreigner is filial, a fact on which they have very false ideas.

The Industrial School.—*Mrs. Mowatt*—The sale of embroidery has kept up, and orders have actually increased. It was feared during the year than on account of the high prices of materials, expenses might not be covered, but instead the year closed with a small balance.

T'AO K'OU

Station and Field.—*Miss Macdonald.*—We were able to give relief to a number of women by means of industrial work such as embroidery, garment making and cotton-spinning. This took the time of the entire staff, these women teaching and also preaching for hours daily to the women who assembled in the chapel. Our guest-room was used for cutting out and preparing work; another room was used for getting cotton ready, while the embroidery class occupied our own room in the inner court-yard.

Cloth merchants and pedlars came to this guest-room to dispose of their wares, and there also we gave out work, paid out wages for garments and thread returned, kept accounts and gave out vouchers. Special meetings, with a Chinese lady speaker from Peking, brought in many of our country friends, as well as city folk, and we felt much good was done. A storm came up which kept a large number of our country guests on our hands for an extra week.

One of our new believers, a t'ai t'ai, prepared a room as a chapel and invited me to go and preach to a number of her friends, the chief ladies of T'ao K'ou. About twenty ladies and their women assembled, besides some well bred children, all eager to hear the new story. These ladies were very refined and sweet looking. I expressed my pleasure that so many were out, for the day was stormy, and their answer was, "Three times as many would have been here but for the wind and rain." I had a talk with several of them after the meeting and hope to follow up and see more of them later.

This Chinese lady spent ten dollars in the entertainment of these friends in order that they might have the opportunity of listening to the Gospel message which had meant so much to her. In one of my weekly visits to her home she presented me with two of the paper gods which she formerly worshipped. She is now studying for recording as a catechumen.

WU AN

An Old-time Country Journey

Mrs. Arthurs.—When one looks back over a few years' residence in China, some of the earlier impressions stand out even more clearly than later events. My first experience in country work was a trip to Lin Yuan, where Dr. and Mrs. Goforth were working. Two routes were possible, one by cart

and train, the other by cart only. We chose the latter, partly because it was more direct, and partly because we wanted a real old-time experience. We got it.

We started at six o'clock on a cool misty morning in October. Our cart was similar to a lumber-waggon, but smaller, and had but two wheels. To it was fastened a bamboo frame on which were stretched straw mats to provide shelter. On the floor was a straw mattress, and for a back-rest our boxes and bedding were piled.

In a land of slow animals our three mules were the slowest. Vain were our efforts to hurry the driver, who sat comfortably drawling d-r-r (get up). By the time we reached the first city on our route we decided a change of animals must be made, but after a long search the men returned without success. In the meantime my native nurse and I had been seeking some one who would permit us to use her stove to heat my little daughter's food. Seeing a woman standing at an open gateway we approached, but were indignantly denied an entrance. My plain suit and small hat convinced her that I was a man, and only my nurse's emphatic assertions to the contrary gained us an entrance. By this time our cart was surrounded by a dense crowd, and with no relief in fresh animals we started again on our long journey.

At noon another halt was made for luncheon, and I saw the inside of a Chinese inn for the first time. A room opening off a little muddy lane-like court-yard was given to us, but after peering into the dark interior, where two men sat smoking, we changed our plan and returned to the cart. While I prepared my baby's food and our luncheon, a couple of hundred eyes watched the operation with amazement. Those who could not peep under the mat cover got the best view they could from the front and rear of the cart. We grown-ups are a curiosity, but a foreign baby is a marvel. The first question usually is, "Is it a scholar (a boy) or a guest (a girl)?" Vainly we urged our driver and mules throughout the afternoon. We had planned to spend the night with a native Christian family, but had still many miles to go, when toward evening we reached a river. A ferry was waiting, and after the frightened mules had been pushed and prodded and pulled, we were all dumped into the little flat boat. The usual crowd had gathered by the time we reached the opposite bank.

We despaired of reaching Hsin Tsun that night, but decided to push on as far as possible, when about nine o'clock deep rumbling thunder was heard and sharp lightning flashed across the northern sky. We were all very tired, and rather than face a storm in the open country, we decided to spend the night in the village we were then entering. The lights in the houses were all out; the streets were deserted, and the only sounds to break the stillness was the occasional bark of some watch-dog and the nearing peals of thunder. My husband and a servant went off to try to waken some one, but only succeeded in finding a man who would take in the men, but not the women of our party. At last another man offered us the choice of a tiny room or an open shed. I chose the shed. The servants were provided for on piles of straw, and our little family settled down on the cart to sleep, while all night the mules around us munched their hay and jingled their harness bells.

At dawn the curious household gathered about to gaze at the "foreign devils," but finding us friendly and harmless they became friendly, too, and invited us to come back. About three o'clock we arrived at Lin Yuan, having accomplished our seventy miles. Here we found the streets packed with people, as it was market-day. Canvas coverings were stretched across the street and had to be removed before our cart could pass. In the midst of the confusion Dr. Goforth appeared to welcome us. Inside the court-yard we found a crowd of swine and here, day by day, they came and went. Sometimes in the midst of the preaching a voice from the gate would call, "Come, the food is ready," and the bidden one would move off. Once a cruel-faced old woman came in and flung out of the yard a young girl who had been eagerly listening; but as they sat about one listening, some with mere curiosity, others with a deeper interest, one forgot the dust and discomfort

and remembered Him whose heart was filled with compassion as He looked upon the multitude.

Miss Sykes.—Our stay of five days in Tsi Loa had been a happy one. Mrs. Chang is an earnest Christian and her home has always been a bright spot. On this visit she was as faithful as ever in her study. Others, too, came to listen, but there was one who had never come near and was almost hostile to us, not even allowing her children to learn the hymns.

At daybreak on the last morning of our stay, there were cries which my Bible-woman interpreted as being calls for the return of the spirit of the twelve-year-old daughter of the woman just mentioned. She must be ill. It was not long before I was asked to give assistance. Mine was a decided refusal, as I knew nothing of the girl's condition. More than that, I dared not do anything when her mother was thus opposed to us. Still urgent requests came, but it was some time before we found out what had really occurred.

As the two children arose that morning they had begun in a child-like way to play together on the bed. In their play the girl struck her brother, and as he said, "I hit her because she hit me," not realizing what he had done. Apparently from the force of the blow, which struck her chest, she fell in a swoon. Then it was that the noise which we had heard began. The family ran from the room to the yard and the street crying for the return of the girl's spirit. The witch came, and for a couple of hours there was a never-to-be-forgotten tumult in that room. All this time the girl was lying unconscious, with crowds around, and not a breath of air reaching her. A little hope was given when the witch announced that the spirit had gone away five miles, but by their effort it was recalled. All the family, with the exception of a few whose faith in their new-found Hope never wavered, were worshipping the gods they have learned to fear when troubles enter the home.

Before the witch left she said there was no hope for the girl's recovery. The village doctor was then called in and allayed their fears for a time. There was nothing I could do, and the few suggestions I did make were not carried out. Once when I spoke of seeing her again, it was suggested that I wait a few minutes, which really was a kindly way of telling me I was not wanted.

We left the village that afternoon, and later heard the child passed away the following day.

Your prayers are asked for this family. Mrs. Chang has always been a most hospitable hostess, but shortly after this she told a Chinese Christian that she could not invite her to the home without the consent of the old grandmother; and this we saw plainly she did not care to ask.

The mother of the girl, not being able to see the message of this sorrow sent to her by our Father, has influenced the family against us, and for the present that door seems closed. We can only hope and pray that the truth may yet lighten, not only all in that home, but spread its rays to every corner of the village.



Shanghai

“A Chinese Authoress”



Happy childhood.

Mrs. Donald MacGillivray.—The above photograph was taken at a good-bye party given to us by Madam Nich in Shanghai before leaving for furlough last year.

Madam Nich is the widow of one of the late governors of Chekiang. Her father also was a very high official. She is the elderly Chinese woman standing next to me in the photograph. Madam Nich became a Christian late in life, only about five years ago. But in those five years

her life has been one beautiful example of loyal devotion to her Master. Many members of her household have become Christians, and Madam Nich's time and money are given freely to the cause of Christ in China.

The children in the photograph are her grandchildren; bright, happy children with natural feet, able to enjoy their childhood days as our children do.

But Madam Nich is not content with telling her friends of the Saviour she has found. She is quite a scholar, one of the few women of the official classes in China, who in early days was taught to read with her brother in the old official home. And so Madam Nich has written a book and had it printed at her own expense. At the party referred to above, she made me a present of a copy fresh from the printer's hands. "Why do I believe in Christianity?" is the title; and as she distributes this book among her relatives and friends we believe they, too, will see a vision of a larger life of greater freedom, and long to enter therein. Let us have a large faith. The leaven is working slowly but surely.

“The Leaven Working”

“The Lord Father does great things for us, whereof we are glad.” I would like to give two instances, out of very many more, in confirmation of the above text.

In the year 1902 a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction came to some of the wealthy Chinese women of our city. The Boxer rising had quieted down, but had brought to these women whisperings of a larger life and a greater freedom. They commenced to feel they were different to some other women; that their lives were empty, shut-in, unreal. What was happening? The leaven was at work, slowly but surely.

Some of these women had progressive husbands, and at their suggestion it was decided that they should give a luncheon, and invite as their guests a few of the foreign ladies of the city, in order to talk over ways of helping them.

Poor women! I have never forgotten that luncheon. The meal was put in charge of a caterer, for out of consideration to their guests, and doubtless because many of them wanted to see what a foreign meal was like, they decided to give a foreign feast.

The foreign guests were there on time, but the meal did not begin until nearly two hours after the specified hour. Slowly the women arrived, hobbling

on small feet, many with a servant on each side to help her to walk. Each lady was also attended by a woman servant carrying her water, pipe, fan, powder-puff and looking glass. Afterwards we found that at the last moment the courage of some of the women had failed and they had sent one of the secondary wives of their household to take their places. At last we were seated. We tried to spread ourselves out, in order to get into conversation with them. My pen cannot describe that luncheon. Those poor, ignorant women, decked in silks and satins and jewels; painted and powdered and crippled. Could they talk? No, they knew nothing to talk about. Many amusing things took place at which we smiled. Large pats of butter were put at every plate. The women bravely took them in their fingers and ate them like bread. The meal was very long and very elaborate, a curious mixture of Chinese and foreign dishes. At one stage of the meal bottles of champagne were placed on the table. Each woman had her woman standing behind her chair, and they at once proceeded to pour out the champagne into water tumblers and give it to their mistresses. We begged them not to drink it, and finally persuaded those in charge of the luncheon to remove it from the table. Nevertheless, I am sure, a good few found it difficult to stand up when the time of departure arrived.

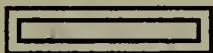
Sometimes they ate a little, then they smoked, then powdered, then looked at us and passed remarks on our clothes. We smiled, but I think the tragedy of a wealthy woman's life in a heathen-country came to me as never before during that meal.

When at last the meal was over two or three of the missionary ladies spoke to them. We tried to tell them what was lacking in their lives; but, oh! it seemed so hopeless to talk to them. And yet on looking back we thank God for that luncheon. The seed was sown in some hearts, and not long after the first non-mission school for girls was started in the city.

The Leaven Still Working

Just before leaving Shanghai in 1918 for furlough, I was present at another luncheon in our city, also given by Chinese women. This was held in the Chinese Young Women's Christian Association. Compared to the other luncheon the meal itself was a very simple affair. These women, too, had invited foreign guests, but oh, what a difference! No crippled feet. No servants carrying pipes and powder puffs were to be seen, but in their place bright, capable, intelligent Christian Chinese women. What was their object in meeting? They wanted to consult and make plans for carrying on the Lord's work during the year. Could these women speak? Yes, oh yes. They had entered into a liberty unknown to their sisters at the first luncheon. If you could have heard these women as they stood up and pleaded for help, not for themselves, but for their less fortunate sisters, you would have also exclaimed, as many of us did, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." To entertain their guests between the speeches a class of girls from the physical training school of the Y.W.C.A. came in and went through some exercises with dumb-bells, and also marching and other exercises.

These young women are being trained to go out as physical directors in mission and non-mission schools all over China. Truly a long way from the hobbling feet seen at the first luncheon! But after all it is not so very far, just the touch of the Master, bringing healing and new life to those in darkness.



“From India’s Coral Strand”



Nurses and babies in Neemuch Hospital.

INDIA, that mingled the blood of forty thousand of its stalwart sons, with that of other British subjects upon the fields of Flanders, to give democracy to the world, puts us, who know the truth as it is in Jesus, under greater obligation to share with this wonderful people that knowledge that shall free them from the present social unrest, the caste system, and the false creeds, that have failed to satisfy their deepest longings. One of the phases of our mission work that touches most

the hearts of even the superstitious, non-Christian natives, is steadily progressing at

INDORE HOSPITAL

Dr. McMaster, having left on furlough, her work was busily carried on by Dr. Moodie during the first four months of the year, who reports having found sufficient departments of service to the sick and suffering, to satisfy the most enterprising. But, being summoned to report for war-work at Bombay, early in May, she left Indore to do military medical duty amongst British soldiers.

Medical Work.—Miss Thompson writes thus of the manifold duties that devolved upon her after Dr. Moodie left: “I wondered how we would manage to carry on this big medical work with only an Indian lady doctor of the sub-assistant surgeon class, with full responsibility and care of the patients. But Mrs. Matthews has proved her capability, won the confidence of the people and the work has gone steadily on. The two compounders and nine nurses have done faithful and satisfactory work. The two nurses who graduate this year are remaining in the hospital. It has been a great joy to have Miss Manarey’s help and congenial presence, and when she left, Miss MacDougall came to assist us in the hospital, filled to overflowing as a result of the influenza epidemic. Two nurses, a compounder and Mrs. Matthews, being stricken, I had to be doctor as best I could, and Mrs. Taylor did heroic work among the Christians, visiting their homes, carrying them medicines, bringing the worst cases to the hospital and keeping everybody cheered up generally. We have an increased number of babies and small children to be cared for, who will need proper equipment and special nurses to attend to them. I hope my other want—a nurses’ home—will be satisfied before I lay my armor down.

The Thakur’s Wife

The wife of a Thakur (ruler) of a large estate spent three months in our hospital. She is a gentle, sweet woman, and a Christian in all but name. She loves the hospital and all connected with it. She writes frequently and gives generously to our work. In special cases we have, by request, sent nurses to high class Hindu and Mohammedan homes. A request from a native state to nurse the wife of a ruling Maharajah had to be declined with regrets. Sunday school work has gone on regularly, when possible, and visits to city, camp and villages have been paid by our workers. A goodly number of hymn

books and Gospel portions have been sold. Praise God for the new lady missionaries who are joining the forces here, may they be a blessing and bring new strength to us all!

Educational.—Miss Manarey.—Marathi School.—The past year has been a very happy one and a busy one as well. My work began with the privilege of touring with Miss Drummond. It was the first time in the Ujjain district that some places had been visited by missionaries. At Erkhera the Christians showed us great kindness and we had some good times with the women. One woman wanted baptism, but her husband and mother-in-law were not willing, so she was not baptized. Unhel was one of the new places we visited where we found the women very attentive, and some came to the tent for medicine. In one place the story of Jesus healing the leper and His willingness to heal the sin-defiled soul, was listened to very earnestly. On our second tour, at Dewas, the Rajah gave us the use of his orchard in which to camp, and our tents were pitched under the mango trees. The annual Christian "Mela," held at Rutlam in March, proved a means of spiritual refreshing and blessing.

Just after this, while assisting Miss Thompson at Indore, I found that the patients, having been accustomed to looking to the missionary doctor, expected me to look at their wounds, feel their pulses and examine their sore eyes. It was necessary for me to say, "I am not a doctor, and you must wait until the doctor can see you." Quite a number of them think that we know almost everything. For instance, when I asked them their ages, many said, "I am standing before you," meaning that I should be able to judge from their faces, so you see how varied are the qualifications necessary for a missionary in India.

As to my Marathi School, there is encouragement because of increased attendance. The plague left early in 1918 and has not since returned to Indore, so I am hoping for a better year for the school in 1919 than I have had since taking charge of it.

Educational.—Miss Duncan.—Girls' High School.—August 17th, 1918, will always be a red-letter date in connection with the new Canadian Presbyterian Mission Girls' High School, for upon that day the work that had been going on since 1916 was found to be sufficiently advanced to permit of the opening ceremonies. The large front verandah was the scene of this happy event and, with its decorative touches, made a delightful setting for the company that filled it to overflowing, comprising practically all of the English residents, missionaries, the Christian community of Indore and the pupils of the school. Her Excellency, Lady Chelmsford, graciously accompanied the Viceroy on his official visit to Central India and performed the opening ceremony by giving an interesting address, and thereupon proceeding to open the building with a silver key presented to her by one of the pupils. Previous to this devotional exercises had been conducted by the Rev. J. T. Taylor, consisting of a hymn sung by the students, Scripture reading and a prayer of dedication. Last, but not least, came the inspection of the fine new building, gay with its plants and bunting, and previous to the singing of the National Anthem Her Excellency was the appreciative recipient of a bouquet of flowers from the youngest pupil of the school. Other interesting items in connection with this event were the greetings from Canada, the reminiscent report of the beginning of the work and its steady progress, by Miss Duncan, and the presence at the gathering of Sir Sarupchand Hukinchand, the donor of the Rs. 25,000 for the Assembly Hall, and Hon. Mr. Bosanquet, agent to the Governor-General in Central India, whose practical interest was evidenced by his gift of the site of six acres. When the classes were resumed in the new school on Nov. 11th, we found that along the front of the building on one side of the hall, we possessed a science room and five class-rooms, and on the other side a library and five class-rooms. In the wing at the north end there are six additional class-rooms, and in the south wing there are a large dining-room, a wash-room and bathing places. The dormitory space upstairs is ample and allows for a substantial increase in the number of pupils. The missionary's study and sitting-room is the square room over the porch, and her bedroom is at one end, while the corresponding room at the other end is

occupied by the matron. The back court is enclosed by a high wall and contains a segregation ward at one end and a line of six rooms, which are used as kitchens and store-rooms. These complete our present equipment. The air at the new school is pure and good, and the scene which spreads before our eyes as we look around us from the roof is a remarkably beautiful one. The view of the line of hills is especially fine, with their ever-changing lights and shades. We rejoice to feel that we are now surrounded by fields and open spaces, a treat for our eyes and the source of fresh breezes to blow upon us. All the girls, Hindus, Parsees and Christians, write on the Bible examinations, and thus we try to give all our pupils a clear knowledge of God's Word and the way of salvation. Our promotion examinations in April caused the usual stir and excitement in the school, and resulted in the promotion of most of the girls. In July the school reassembled for work and the calisthenic classes were held as usual, the senior girls using Indian clubs and hoops, and the Junior girls learning marching and free-hand exercises. At the sewing class held each Saturday, the girls are taught simple, practical work, such as the sewing of strong, straight seams, hemming, hem-stitching, darning, making of buttonholes, etc. The girls are taking a more prominent part in the Y.W.C.A. meeting on Saturdays at noon, reading verses, leading in prayer, etc., and thus we are better fitting them for His service, both in time and in eternity.

Miss Macdougall.—I only arrived in India on Oct. 9th, 1917, and proceeded first to Indore, where I gave a little help each day in the Girls' High School. In accordance with the wish of Council, I have been appointed to Dhar for educational and evangelistic work, which I began on December 20th. The school at Dhar is for our Christian children, although there are a few Hindoos attending. At present there are forty-eight children enrolled and there are four teachers. The head teacher is our pastor's wife, trained in the Boarding School in Indore. The other three teachers are married, having been trained by Dr. O'Hara in her orphanage. Later on, when I get a better mastery of the language, I hope to go out on evangelistic work with a Bible-woman.

MHOW

Christian Shepherding of the Bhils

Miss Weir writes that five centres were reached with their surrounding villages, during the early part of the year, when touring in Nimar.

After her return to Mhow, the special evangelistic campaign week was held. Three or four bands of Christian women volunteered to go to near-by villages to give the Gospel at that particular season.

The village work was rendered less difficult owing to the fact that the rainy season was more moderate, and hence the roads became less impassable. The influenza epidemic, while seriously interfering with the work, afforded an opportunity for the Christian women to exemplify practical love to one another. When regular work was resumed many familiar faces were missed from the villages. In such circumstances, amid the tales of sorrow, we realized anew what a glorious hope the Christian has and how much the people of this land need that hope, too.

Our hope of having the work augmented by our native Christians is constantly being confirmed, as shown by the good work of Lale Bai, our Bible-woman. She accompanies her husband to the out-station of Mandlesar, in Nimar, and to the outlying villages, where the women appreciate her real interest in them and fruit will surely follow. Every Sunday our Bible class for women has been held in connection with our congregation at Mhow.

NEEMUCH

“The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our bed of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.”

Dr. MacKellar.—In many respects the year 1918 has been the most trying we have experienced, but during the dark days of the war we were able to

endure, knowing that His constant love surrounded us and His watchful care was over us, and once more Lowell's words were fulfilled:

“Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.”

Having referred to the war, I may as well record our share in winning it. The announcement of the armistice was the sign for great rejoicing and, under the direction of Rev. J. S. MacKay, an open-air service of thanksgiving was held, when the military and civil population turned out in full force to acknowledge God's goodness in the signal victory secured.

Red-Cross Work

Our Zenana Red-Cross work class made in all over 1,200 garments of all sorts, so you will see that they worked faithfully, and as a reward 19 members became the proud possessors of war-work badges and certificates recording appreciation of work done for the sick and wounded, signed by the Viceroy.

Eight ladies joined my class on Indian home nursing, which was in accordance with the wish of the military medical officer here, and the results were most satisfactory. All “odds and ends” from the mission bungalow were contributed to the “jumble” sale, which realized quite a sum, and the “mission box” held the largest collection on “Our Day.”

As in former years during the war, the purdah women whose husbands had been killed in the war and were entitled to pensions, continued to be sent by the military authorities for examination of special identification marks. Let us ponder over the thought—What would be the future prospects of mission work in India if we had not won the war? But we are in a greater war, which goes on continually, with disease, ignorance and superstition. Within five weeks six Christian women, who had been former helpers in the medical work in Neemuch, passed to their reward as a result, for the most part, of pneumonia following influenza. And so, most unexpectedly, motherless infants of tender age, that needed care, added much to our responsibilities.

Sunrise Prayer Meeting

Before the work of the day begins all the medical workers, together with Miss Gardner and as many of her teachers as can conveniently attend, meet daily for prayer. Mrs. Lyall, our faithful trained Indian Christian associate, has proved worthy of the confidence reposed in her, and Sumatibai, the senior compounder, does good “team-work” with her. We miss very much Huri, our nurse, who was married to a teacher of our own mission in Mhow. One Bible-woman removed to another centre with her husband, and Gambhiribai, our assistant compounder, was called to her eternal reward. Mary, one of our boarding school mission girls, as matron of the hospital, is a great comfort to me, being so reliable. She is ever alert and secures the obedience of the six nurses and the other three women helpers, and so they all work in utmost harmony.

Minnie Smee Cot

The late Miss Bayley's sister, Mrs. Pile, and friends in London, continue to show their love and interest in the work that was so dear to the sainted missionary, by sending a yearly gift of £5 for the cot, and an extra £2 to help educate a Christian child, for whose parents Miss Bayley did much. I know the gift represents much self-denial, but for the giver there will be

“His blessing, which conveys
The only lasting gain
For everlasting days.”

Ludhiana Students

As the W.M.S. has shown its interest in the Ludhiana Medical College for the past 15 years, and the institution is bound to become more and more an inter-denominational one for the training of Indian Christian women for medical missionaries, we must look upon it as *our* medical college in India. There were seven Central India students in Ludhiana at the beginning of the year. Beulah, Maud Smith, Helen Stark and Edith Noah are in various stages of the medical course. We hope Beulah will pass her final examination in 1919 and Maud Smith in 1920, and that they will return as medical missionaries—as Mrs. Lyall is—to work in our own mission. There is no limit to the sphere of usefulness of the graduates from Ludhiana.

Appeal of India's Expressively-featured Children

Educational.—Miss Gardiner.—One of the first and most beneficent duties of our missionaries is to gather the little children into schools and teach them virtue and industry, for we all feel that they ought to have a better chance in life. Miss Gardiner tells of the changing circumstances in her school at Neemuch, which are common in such gatherings of children the world over. Some return and some go out. In connection with the passing to the better land of one of the "big" girls, this interesting little romance is recalled. "Piyari Bai," says Miss Gardiner, "passed away on March 1st. She had been ill for nearly six years, at times suffering very much, so that her death was a happy release. She was a sister of Gulabi Bai, the school matron. The story of how they discovered their relationship is interesting. One day, during the revival which occurred in 1905, a group of girls were talking together about the various places from which they came. Piyari made some remarks which aroused Gulabi's interest and led to further questioning. Imagine the joy of the latter when she discovered that Piyari was, indeed, the little sister, six years younger than herself, who had been stolen away from their home some time before the famine, by a kind of gypsy tribe! Great was the delight of the sisters, and as they had become so much to each other, during the intervening years, Gulabai now feels her loss very much.

Out of an enrolment of fifty-four pupils, three girls were married during the year. One became the wife of a workman in the Ajinere railway shops; one married a catechist from Banswara, and the third a catechist from Kharua. The latter, Nanduri Bai, was for many years head teacher in the Bazar school and a very faithful worker, whose place it is hard to fill.

In February three of the girls went out each day in the evangelistic campaign and at the pleasant closing exercises in April a good many received our General Assembly's diplomas for Scripture memory work. The Bazar school was kept open during the hot weather, the work having been interrupted earlier in the season by plague. The attendance has fallen off, but how can one wonder when it is so hard both in the Boarding and Bazar schools to secure suitable teachers. The number of our orphanage girls to whom we can look for supply is very small, and how discouraging to engage women without training.

"Girl Guides"

In October I organized a company of "Girl Guides," which includes all the school children over eleven years of age. The girls are very keen about it, and I hope it will do a good deal to inculcate ideas of "fair-play," endurance and general knowledge.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

Miss McHarrie tells us of how she has felt the need of a babies' home ever since going to Central India, but after returning from furlough, she realized it even more, as a great number of these tiny, motherless ones have been left through influenza and famine. She writes: "The babies have always had a warm corner in my heart, and nothing would give me so much joy as to mother as many of them as I could get. I feel it would be

selfish to ask for money for such a purpose just now, when so many new buildings are being planned. In the meantime, with the approval of the Boards at home, I shall gladly care for as many as I can gather together in the two wards of the Neemuch Hospital. I should really like, however, a modest cottage surrounded by flowers and a nice playground, to accommodate babies from a few days old up to five years, and after that age to take them into our boarding school at Neemuch.

I am sure there are many people in wealthy Canada who would be only too pleased to give the money for such a Home, say in Neemuch, in memory of a beloved child, or a dear one who has made the supreme sacrifice in the great war.

A Touching Incident by a Second Jerry Macaulay

When home on furlough in Scotland, I was telling the students of the Bible Training Institute about the babies and how I longed for a home. One student (a man like Jerry MacAulay, who had committed every sin, except murder) asked me if I would accept the money for the first brick from him, and before I could say anything, he pressed a bright new half-crown into my hand, and as he did so he said, 'Prayer has wrought many a miracle. Keep on praying and believing and you will get the babies' home.' Last summer, when he was on holidays, he sent me five shillings more, that a minister and his wife gave him for that purpose. It is very little, but the gifts are sacred in my sight and I have faith to believe that the funds will be forthcoming in some way or another. He who said 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not,' will also provide a suitable home for His little homeless ones in Central India."

DHAR

Medical.—Dr. O'Hara.—It is a striking picture that our medical missionary presents of this city of Dhar, at the opening of the year, emptied of its residents because of plague. Centres were organized, of which our bungalows, hospital and orphanage compound formed one, and then all around the various communities were segregated in camps. Grass huts, shelters made by corrugated iron, straw mats and all sorts of contrivances to protect people from wind and sun were erected. Who of the uninitiated can imagine the privations of these stricken people? There was no moving about from centre to centre. Early in the season, together with Miss Coltart, Dr. O'Hara joined Mr. Russell on an evangelistic tour in the south-west part of the field, and as they went from centre to centre, going out with the Bible-woman, or talking in camp with those who came to seek light, their hearts were cheered by a better reception of their message than in any previous tour.

Good Seed by the Way-side

A week-end visit resulted in the selling of books; one sweeper took a Testament, another did the same, and some Balais, who had given up drink and idol-worship, secured books in their real quest for the light. One woman asked us why we had not come before and, during our stay, she committed to memory John 3: 16, and a Christian hymn, of which she also learned the tune. In the radius of four or five miles, we stirred up interest in many hearts. The evangelistic campaign, conducted from two centres, gave forth the Gospel with intensity. Morning preaching, daily talks with inquirers, evening prayer-meeting, with magic-lantern views and singing until midnight, afforded many opportunities to impress the truth. Of special encouragement was the number of children in every town that learned and sang our hymns.

An Orchestra in India

We had a musical band, too, at our services. It consisted of two violins, a sitara, a dolak and three tablas, to say nothing of instruments of ten strings, all making melody unto the Lord, and how the eager, listening crowds gathered night after night to hear!

The market-place of a sacred town formed the striking setting for a wonderful Sabbath afternoon meeting. The seats were arranged on either side, with a table and chairs for the speaker and his friends at one end. Hundreds were present and many school-boys sat in the intervening space on mats on the ground. An audience of the highly educated of the town was held by the speaker with unflagging attention as he proclaimed the true Light of the World. It was a great hour, and we thanked God for the opportunity, the message, and for Mr. Russell, who delivered it.

Miss Coltart left in March on furlough, and the city dispensary remained closed, much to the regret of the many to whom it had given relief and help for over twenty-two years. There was much distress and death amongst our people as a result of influenza, and day by day the native pastor sped around on his bicycle bringing in supplies of milk to the needy, for there was not a person able to cook.

“Friday,” the Last Little Boy of His Village

The village postman brought me a little boy, who, he said, was the last in his village. He was very weak and emaciated, and we despaired of saving him, but he has picked up wonderfully. We call him Friday, as that was the day he came to us.

Evangelistic.—The Gospel is proclaimed in the village and, in addition, two Bible-women work in the dispensary and hospital, also doing follow-up visiting in the homes. At Badnawar, one of our out-stations, another Bible-woman renders service. Weekly Y.W.C.A. meetings have been held, when possible, and sunrise Bible classes prepare the workers for the day's duties.

Educational.—During the plague, school was held wherever the teacher could gather her pupils, sometimes in the shade of a tree, or the lee-side of a hut, but for the three teachers and forty-five pupils, such circumstances rendered the results less effective.

Victoria Indian Orphan Society

Since the great famine of 1897, when the work of helpfulness by this organization began, nearly two hundred boys and girls have been saved, fed and clothed. All my own workers at the present time, with one exception I owe to the V.I.O.S. All the orphans are married, except No Di, a cripple.

A striking incident occurred this year. A widow, who had been an inmate of the orphanage previous to her marriage, remembering kindness received in girlhood, returned with her two children. The boy was sent to Rasalpura, and the mother and little girl were kept as inmates, afterwards expressing their belief in Christ and receiving baptism. Now she, Puni, takes care of little “Friday.” The orphanage and school buildings remain as a memorial of kindness to the needy from a band of women whose hearts the Lord touched, being a place to which the destitute and ignorant may come.

KHARUA

Finding New Soil Prepared by Former Converts

Miss Clearihue.—What a fresh realization of God's loving thought and tender care we have had, when early in the year we saw great poverty and scarcity of food in the villages; saw, daily, little children unclothed and shivering, without food! And then we sympathized with the people in their dread as to the failure of rain and were asked, every time we appeared on the road, why the showers did not come. Like them, scanning the brassy sky every day for signs of rain, we saw the young grain withering, and realized the approach of the dark shadow of famine. But bad as were the conditions, influenza swept down and desolated hearts and homes to a worse degree. While touring during the first two months of the year, the side trips from the central camp, while very tiring, proved well worth while. We taught the women who were busy all day and more than

willing to sit up until D Lapurai-Bai, one of the young women at Nipaniya, after having had several years' teaching, decided to be baptized. At the last moment her husband failed in his promise, and refused to receive the rite or to allow their only child to have the ceremony performed. But the young mother stood firm, and in the presence of her village people acknowledged her faith in God.

A Pleasant Surprise from a Brahmin

Ghonsla was one of our new camps and, in the villages about, which were all strange to us, we were agreeably surprised, one day, in a large village to be very kindly received and led to the head-man's house, himself a Brahmin. We learned that he was related to a head-man of a distant village where lives Ganga Bai, a low-caste Christian woman, but strong in Christian faith. And because of her faithful witness and her appeal to them, if we ever went to their village, to receive us and hear the wonderful Words of Life, we were welcomed in "high places."

Turning the Tide

In another village in the same district, when it looked as if one would not get a hearing, the way was opened by an old woman coming forward and exclaiming, "Salam! Salam! Come and sit at my son's house!" We recognized her as one that had a very sore hand the year before in a far-away village and we had been able to help her.

At Jansingpura, we were constantly thronged by the crowds desiring to be taught, so much so that they even watched us eat our meals. They could sing several Christian hymns, having been taught by one, Deva, a Christian of two years' standing. In this village nearly one hundred women of high and low caste sat side by side, looking at the lantern pictures portraying the life of Christ. But five short days was all we could spare and, regretfully, we went on to villages yet unreached.

The next point we visited found many of the better-caste women coming to the tent and also to see the pictures at night. The "head-man" of this village, only a boy of ten, came to see us and hear the hymns, bringing with him his "big mother," the senior wife of his late father. But on we hurried from this interesting group, after four short days' stay!

In April many of our village Christians came from far and near to the Mela. There has since gone to be with the Master she loved, a woman who remained behind the others for a month, reading and memorizing Scripture and learning for the first time to breathe out in prayer to her Heavenly Father, her deepest longings.

Primary Schools Undermine Superstition

Educational.—Miss Maclean.—The year has been a strenuous one with much of joy and sorrow intermingled, but we look back with gratitude and forward with hopefulness.

One day a village Christian family came in an ox-cart; all were ill. Only one little boy of four survived. He was seriously ill, but after many days of care his strength came back, and he is now a fine sturdy-looking little chap and very dear to the Miss Sahib. He has now joined the Karhua family in the Rutlam school, and we trust there may be a bright future of Christian service in store for him. Miss Kilpatrick has also had to add to her already large family several little girls, who were sent in from their distant village-homes to attend school, making eight from the villages of our Rutlam district, besides as many more from the Kharua Christianity community.

Meantime the little day school goes on in the bungalow for the few children who attend so regularly. One dear little child was gathered home as one of His jewels. While on tour, we visited four of the little schools that have made a start in village educational work, with the wives of Mr. Harcourt's workers as teachers. These brave workers are nobly upholding the banner of the cross amidst heathen surroundings.

BANSWARA

“Thy touch has still its ancient power”

Women's Medical Work.—Dr. B. Choné Oliver.—Being summoned from the south of the state, while on a medical evangelistic tour, our missionary had many and varied experiences, while inoculating against plague. It meant access to the households of the nobles and of the Prime Minister in Banswara, but owing to the precautions taken by the latter, the city had no violent outbreak. The men seem to have no prejudice against a woman doctor, and many come to the dispensary for treatment. School teachers and clerks from the state offices, men from the police department and the brewery, come themselves and bring their families for treatment. Dr. Oliver says, “I have often felt sorry that I have not time to talk to these educated men. But many Hindu books from my small library have been borrowed and read. Quite a number of these men have come to our Sunday services, and when I arranged that the young men who knew English should be addressed by Prof. Scott of our Indore Christian College, we had more present than we could seat. How attentively they listened to that fifty-minute address on “The Reform We Most Need!” Would that we might have a series of such, instead of only one!

Seeing the Lady Doctor Home

In the influenza epidemic, when I was going in and out of the city, very often on foot and carrying my bag, the people somehow made me feel I belonged to them and, on two occasions in the evening, when I met different young men, who had been at the Dispensary, they insisted on walking to the bungalow with me, to carry my bag. This may seem a small thing, but to do this was to do coolie's work, and it was a marked sign of friendliness.

I am sometimes beset with the thought that I am not doing the kind of mission work I came to do, when I have to attend to so many things besides the purely evangelistic and medical work. In a jungle station much time has to be taken to get things for which in another place one simply gives an order, or buys ready-made. How often we wish for someone who knows all about building, to take charge of the details for us and let us do that for which we came to India. There would be much of gain, but, nevertheless, I am glad the Dispensary is likely to be put up by the end of 1919, as my study has continued to be used for that purpose, and is now so much needed. This same room has served for church services, and has also been the chief operating room, the verandah being used for infected cases. Accidents are not common in this place of no machinery, yet, during the year I saw patients suffering from various accidents. Two women drowned in a pond near by were carried to our verandah, but life was extinct. A lad while cleaning a gun had it go off, and a piece of brass, bent double, was blown in under his chin. He made a good recovery. The carpenter came with a gash in his toe, and was delighted to have it heal in a few days. “Miss Sahib,” he said, “formerly when I got a cut like this I had to be off work for weeks till it healed.” This time he lost two days.

We have had a Red Cross branch for about six months, and all our Christian women, as well as some Hindu ladies, have helped to make articles needed in the war hospitals.

October ushered in the terrible toll of deaths from influenza, and heroically did Dr. Oliver and every possible assistant labor to combat the disease. One of the saddest incidents among many touching ones, was the passing to the better land of Mrs. Smillie. It is thus recorded: “Dear, bright, joyous Mrs. Smillie had come among us a bride, not five months before, wonderfully led, as she believed, to her heart's desire—the work among the Bhils. Her's is the first missionary grave in Banswara. We lay claim to the land for Christ. Who follows in the train?”

It has not been good for the women's work that I have been alone so long, and I shall welcome Miss Campbell back. I am sure you will rejoice

with me that Miss Mary Ledingham, who has just come back from Canada with her parents, has, at my request, been appointed to assist in Banswara. Her great desire is to work among the women of India, and already she has a speaking acquaintance with Hindi, and her bright happy face commends the message. With the crying needs of these people, physical, and more especially spiritual, one barely touches the fringe of one's duty. When we have visitors to Banswara, we usually take them to the top of a high hill, from which can be seen a wide-stretching valley with ponds and fields and woodland. And when it seems as if we are making little progress in our work, I sometimes go up the hill of God's promises and look at the Banswara-to-be, when Christ shall have conquered, and instead of temples and idols shall be churches and schools, and a people gladly bowing the knee and confessing Christ as Lord.

Counteracting the Bhil Children's Home Environment

Educational.—*Miss Campbell.*—According to Bhil ideas, goats are of more importance than children, therefore the latter must remain at home and tend the former, rather than go to school. Or money must be earned, and that, too, hinders a large attendance, until the rain fails and hard times result, whereupon back come the children, and so in the Bhil school, there were 31 names on the roll at the end of the year. Despite Miss Campbell's absence, considerable progress in character-growth was made. Unfortunately, the young are still very much influenced by their home environment. For example, at the time of the terrible Holi festival last spring, all the boys drank the native liquor which flows so freely then. Some who protested were made to drink it by their parents, and it was weeks before the brightest boy seemed to regain his ability to think out his problems. But when I talked with the boys afterwards, they nearly all feared to make a promise not to drink this liquor, lest they might not be able to keep such a pledge.

At the Christmas service, when Mr. Smillie asked questions about Christ and what His coming meant, where He dwells and what are the conditions of His entrance into the heart, intelligent answers were given by these Bhil lads. One goes back in thought to the days when Miss Campbell began the school by teaching the children to count and to sing hymns, as they passed bricks from hand to hand up the ladder.

Santa Claus Visits Banswara

At Christmas we give each child some article of clothing, endeavoring to give the best presents to those who had been most diligent throughout the year. Ruppo headed the list, and received a warm coat made from a missionary's old dress. The small piece of Sunlight soap I have given weekly to each child for laundry and bath, has wonderfully stimulated them to cleanliness and made it much pleasanter to sit beside them in the narrow limits of a room in the bungalow, where we hold our services. The mothers complain that the weekly washing wears out the clothes.

Each morning of the five school days, Sonibai and Sundarbai visit three centres in the city, teaching groups of children, singing hymns and giving Bible lessons. One of the children was forbidden at home to join in the hymns, but she went through the motions of the words, till one day a priest was at the house and said to her father: "Let her learn the hymns, there is no harm in them. I have overheard what these women have been teaching."

A Golden Opportunity Among Christian Bhils

In the south of the state the number of Christian families is gradually increasing. The women and children need teaching. Two of our women went down and lived in a tent during April, and went about among the three settlements teaching. But having no house there, and the weather being very hot, no more work was done that season. It was our hope that Miss Campbell and some of the women might spend this cold season down there, for it is our golden opportunity. Would that we had a teacher for

the fine boys and girls who should be taught, and whose parents cannot relinquish them from the work of goat-tending and farming to come up to Banswara to the school. There will be very hard times among the Bhils this year, because the rains failed and there are practically no crops.

HAT PIPLIA

Lo, the Healer Passeth By!

Dr. L. F. Moodie.—Four months in Indore Hospital followed by a summons to report at Bombay, lent variety to my work amongst the sick and sad. At the latter point I was acting as a medical officer in a 500-bed hospital for overseas soldiers and sailors, nearly all from England, Scotland and Ireland. Once a real Canadian, a Hamilton boy, graced my ward for three weeks. What missionary opportunities came to me in the hospital and Y.M.C.A. hut, where I assisted! Bombay was not exempt from the epidemic of influenza. It proved more deadly than the plague itself, and a great wave of thanksgiving went up when it subsided. Council sent me back to Hat Piplia in December, and away I went on a tour, with a few Indian workers, of the villages in the Hat Piplia district beyond the hospital area. Living in a tent, riding on a little country pony, or travelling in an ox-cart, are phases of our trip. In several of the villages we visited the Gospel had never been preached. It was blazing the trail with the news of salvation, and more absorbing and interesting work one would not desire.

Splendid Evangelistic Fidelity

Miss Glendinning.—Sundai Bai was my companion for the first four months of the year when we visited village after village, and also the women of Piplia town. How brightly and pleasantly this young Indian woman won her way into the hearts of the women wherever she went! So eager were they to listen to the message of redeeming love that we nearly always had to stay a whole day in one village—all too short a time. During the first week of the February evangelistic campaign we had a most successful day in the village of Puna, the home of the old man who had his legs broken, of whom I spoke last year. How they besought us, as we were leaving, to sing to new groups of people, but alas! we could only give them the promise of a visit some future day!

We concentrated on the town of Hat Piplia during the second week, where three hundred and fifty people were present each evening when Mr. Taylor and his two workers from Indore gave lantern lectures. The last night the pictures were shown at the school, for the benefit of the girls and the women. Victoria Bai explained to the crowded audience, listening with rapt attention, the pictures on the life of Christ.

The New Site for the Girls' School

What a joy it has been to me to teach the twenty little girls in the school, which has grown steadily and kept open practically all the year!

My heart has been gladdened by the splendid surprise gift of \$2,000 from my home-church, St. Andrew's, Scarborough, to build a girls' school here; and also by the offer from the state to change the old site, which was not in a healthy locality, to one which I consider the best possible in the town. I gladly accepted their suggestion of a nice, clean space right on the edge of the town, and within five minutes' walk of the bungalow.

Under the leadership of Mrs. George, who was helping in the medical work until August, and of Mrs. Vincent for the two following months, the Christian Sabbath school had a course on the International lessons, while down in the town I took up a series of interesting Bible stories with the girls.

UJJAIN

A Vision of Hope for Central India's Villages

Evangelistic.—*Miss Grier.*—While the city work is a bit discouraging, that in the villages is full of hope, and one looks forward to a day not very far distant, when there shall be Christians in nearly every village of Central India. Back from furlough and taking up Miss Drummond's labor of love, as she left for Canada, I am fortunate in having two Bible-women loaned me and one of my own again in harness, so that I have help sufficient. Hot weather means confining one's evangelistic efforts to the town, where we are often put off with excuses. If a woman shows any real desire to hear more of the Gospel message, the members of her family soon take alarm and one sees her no more. If we could only gather the women into groups and teach them, as seems to be done in China, there would be greater satisfaction, but the different caste rules prohibit such methods, and so it is a case of daily hunting up your audience. We now have three baptized women in two villages, and a number more who should be, but they hesitate, although quite willing for their husbands to go forward. But the shy, ignorant village women, having once taken ever so feeble a stand, by being baptized, give evidence of being different to the people from whom they have stepped out. For years the seed has been sown in the villages of Central India, and now is beginning the harvest. It is good to be here to see the change, and to take part in the ingathering.

School for Christian Children

Educational.—About eight years ago, a few little children formed the nucleus of this school for Christian pupils, and very interesting has been its growth. From kindergarten to entrance work is on the curriculum now. Fifty scholars are enrolled, and the arrival of big boys has meant a male principal, which has resulted favorably. On Christmas day, under the direction and training of the head-master, the scholars gave a fine programme of songs in both English and Hindi, recitations in English, a little play in Hindi, and an exhibition of drill. While the boys drill for half an hour, three days a week, the girls are being taught to sew.

The state has now schools in every part of the town, not only for caste children, but also for those of the depressed classes. Then, too, a great many small children work in the different mills.

And it is surely of such as these the Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."



